

# The South Atlantic Quarterly

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Volume XL

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# The South Atlantic Quarterly

Vol. XL

JANUARY, 1941

Number 1

## THE ASYLUM OF THE OPPRESSED

ROBERT ERNST

IF THOMAS JEFFERSON had returned to this earth on November 30, 1938, he would have been favorably impressed by Henry Ford. On that day Mr. Ford remarked that the United States could not fail in these times of Nazi persecution "to maintain its traditional role as a haven for the oppressed." Now the philosophies of Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Ford may have been quite different, but here they would have agreed: In his first message to Congress, the sage of Monticello had asked if we would "refuse the unhappy fugitives from distress that hospitality which the savages of the wilderness extended to our forefathers arriving in this land? Shall oppressed humanity find no asylum on this globe?"

The conception of the United States as an asylum for the oppressed had become a deep-rooted conviction even before the Revolutionary War. Since many of the original settlers had been refugees from civil and religious persecution, each colony had its own strong basis for the tradition. It was *Common Sense* to Thomas Paine that "this new World hath been the asylum for the persecuted lovers of civil and religious liberty from every part of Europe." At the outbreak of the Revolution, the Continental Congress assured the people of Ireland that "the fertile regions of America would afford you a safe asylum from poverty, and IN TIME, from oppression also."

After we had won our independence, orators recalled to a generation of Americans the hardships borne by the patriots of the Revolution. As Fourth of July orations praised our "asylum to all people and kindred and tongues and nations," lyric souls blossomed into patriotic doggerel. Philip Freneau, the well-known poet and revered liberal, rejoiced that

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From Europe's proud, despotic shores,  
 Hither the stranger takes his way,  
 And, in our new-found world, explores  
 A happier soil—a milder sway. . . .

And Mathew Carey, the distinguished editor and economist—who, disguised as a woman, had fled from British soil after attacking Parliament and the Prime Minister—exclaimed:

May this country evermore  
 Prove to th' oppressed a friendly shore:  
 An ASYLUM from TYRANNY,  
 And DIRE RELIGIOUS BIGOTRY.

George Washington, interested in the settlement of the Ohio country, proclaimed its promise to afford "a capacious asylum for the poor and persecuted of the earth." James Madison believed in asylum, actively supporting Jefferson's Bill for Establishing Religious Liberty in Virginia. But there were others less liberal.

Frightened by the imminence of a foreign war, the Federalists passed the notorious Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798. One of these laws was a naturalization act requiring aliens to live fourteen years in this country before they could become citizens. This was almost three times the five-year period established in 1795, and the Jeffersonians were bitter in denouncing the obnoxious laws. When the Federalists were driven out of power in 1800, the measures were soon repealed, and the naturalization requirement was again fixed at five years. But meanwhile Jefferson had protested. The famous Kentucky Resolutions insisted that a tyranny had been conferred upon the President over the "friendly strangers, to whom the mild spirit of our own country and its laws had pledged hospitality and protection." Madison decried the "banishment of an alien from a country . . . where he enjoys, under the laws, a greater share of the blessings of personal security, and personal liberty, than he can elsewhere hope for." These protests were profoundly influenced by the theory of natural rights, including the so-called natural right of aliens to enter the country.

Abstract principles of liberty and democracy and human progress constituted only one basis for our belief in asylum. The economic fruits to be derived from immigration were too juicy to be ignored.

Ours was a new nation. It needed men. It needed farmhouses, sawmills, improved roads. Submerged in hopeless poverty, English, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish artisans saw in America a chance to escape from the misery, vice, and ignorance into which they had been born. Others encouraged to come here were "manufacturers," mechanics, and laborers—lured here by tales that they would find permanent employment in the land where "tradesmen everywhere eat meat and butter every day." Indentured servants, schoolmasters, and gentlemen of the "learned professions" of law, medicine, and the ministry were cordially invited. Asylum meant more than protection: it meant opportunity.

Certain classes of people, however, in addition to criminals and paupers, were not welcome. Among these undesirables were "professors of fine arts," "literary men who have no professional pursuits"—including philosophers and poets—and "men of independent fortunes who can exist only in company, and who can converse only upon public amusements."

"Asylum" was cleverly woven into the arguments for protection of manufactures. Many Americans believed with Tench Coxe, a forerunner of our protectionist school, that industry was the key to prosperity. "The blessings of civil and religious liberty, in America," said Coxe in 1787, "and the oppressions of most foreign governments—the want of employment at home, and the expectations of profit here—curiosity, domestic unhappiness, civil wars, and various other circumstances—will bring many manufacturers to this asylum for mankind. Ours will be their industry: and, what is of still more consequence, ours will be their skill."

Nor was agriculture neglected. America was predominantly a nation of farmers, and "to the cultivators of the earth" it opened "the first asylum in the world." Speculators in Western lands were naturally interested in fostering immigration. George Washington, ever interested in farming, wrote to his fellow farmer, Thomas Jefferson, that such measures might be taken "as would render this country the asylum of the pacific and industrious characters from all parts of Europe, and would encourage the cultivation of the earth by the high price, which its products would command, and would draw the wealth and wealthy men of other nations into our bosom, by giving security to property and liberty to its holders."

True, there were occasional dissenters. The purity of our elections, it was asserted, had been contaminated by the "ready admission of foreigners to the rights of citizenship. The drainings of cities, the sweepings of gaols, the refuse of the gallows, have been welcomed to our shores; and congratulated on their safe arrival to this 'Asylum of oppressed humanity.'"

But this was a minority view, and the tradition of asylum lived on. As our public lands became more available to the actual settler, we encouraged immigration. In the thirties and forties Horace Greeley was urging men to go west to that land destined to become "the delight, as it is now the refuge, of all nations, and the happy home of one hundred million of freemen."

Nativism and Know-Nothingism represented a sharp reaction to the sudden increase of immigration, especially of Irish Catholics, in the late twenties and early thirties. In Congress an unsuccessful attempt was made in 1838 to exclude foreigners, settled on the public lands, from the right of pre-emption. Without success, the "Native Americans" agitated in the forties for a twenty-one year naturalization period, but they drew upon themselves the ridicule of the American people. The "outpouring of deep-seated malignity" upon the "honest foreigner" who fled from tyranny was decried as contrary to all the institutions of liberty-loving America.

Pauperism increased in our Eastern cities in the twenties and thirties. Frequent were the protests against admitting to this country the "discharged virus of the decaying political systems of Europe" or the "sturdy beggars, and contented paupers, and all the *mauvais sujets* of England and Ireland, who may be shifted upon us by fat capitalists, better able than we to bear the incumbrance." However, even these statements were qualified: we would not exclude from the blessings of our free government and our generous soil the honest and industrious of other climes simply because they might be poor or unfortunate. We would fling wide our portals and bid them enter!

Optimism was climaxed in prosperous years by "patriotic" articles written by anonymous authors for popular magazines: "This virgin world in which we dwell, demands of the old world but two influences—MEN and MONEY. Our wildernesses are rank for want of men, and on our geography is written, in river, lake and hill, 'THE PROMISE TO PAY,' in abounding interest, all rational investments of

money . . . for this ever has been the asylum, the refuge of every people of the old world. . . . Well, let them come! . . . As we receive them in our imperial city, we can pass them on to the untrodden vales of Iowa, or to the wilderness of the Rocky Mountains, or beyond, upon the shores of that Pacific Ocean, where the Anglo-American is one day to dictate trade to China."

Our national expansion in agriculture, transportation, and industry kept up the demand for common labor. Hundreds of thousands of Irish answered the call. The famines of the forties had laid their country in devastation; America would give them another chance. As unskilled laborers, they built canals and worked on the railroads, and Irish servant girls gained an attractive reputation in the Eastern cities. In the forties and fifties there was a revival of German immigration, many sturdy farmers of the Rhine Valley having suffered disastrous crop failures at a time when they needed more capital to invest in new agricultural methods. Refugees from the political revolution of 1848, men of high education but of disappointed ideals, joined peasants and skilled mechanics in a mad scramble to reach the land of opportunity. We were glad to receive them. "Foreign immigration which in the past has added so much to the wealth, development of resources and increase of power to the nation, the asylum of the oppressed of all nations, should be fostered and encouraged by a liberal and just policy." Thus the Republican platform of 1864 anticipated a law actually encouraging immigration.

For most of the nineteenth century, Congress looked with favor upon emigration of foreign exiles to the United States. French emigrants, driven from their homes by the last ill-fated battle of Napoleon, were granted land on easy terms. Land was set aside for the exiles fleeing from despotism in Poland. In 1851 a resolution was introduced in the Senate sympathizing with several exiled Irish patriots and offering to receive these men "upon the hospitable shores of the United States."

The Hungarian patriot, Louis Kossuth, caused a violent controversy. Because of an unsuccessful political revolution in 1848, several thousand exiles, led by Kossuth, had fled the Habsburg Empire. The United States Congress offered an asylum to these refugees should they wish to emigrate here. Although he accepted the invitation, Kossuth soon showed his determination not to make

the United States his new home. He was a Hungarian, and his primary interest was to obtain the moral support—but more especially the financial support—of Americans in his battle for Hungarian independence. Was Kossuth an emigrant seeking asylum, or was he a “guest of the nation”? Some maintained that he came here as a representative of a sacred cause: “When the lone exile of oppression shall find no other refuge, here, sir, in all time to come, may he find a foothold.” Kossuth was no emigrant, others held; it was only to bona fide emigrants that we offered a refuge of security and peace. It was against the cherished advice of Washington that we should involve ourselves in the internal affairs of other lands, and the actions of Kossuth might well commit us to a departure from that historic principle.

Belief in asylum was dominant, however. Resistance to authority and the right of revolution had been part of our Colonial heritage from England, and liberals and conservatives alike felt great sympathy for Kossuth and respect for his ideals. Congress extended an official welcome to him; and, amid the immense crowds of ladies and gentlemen who had assembled upon the occasion, the Hungarian patriot was introduced in the House of Representatives on January 7, 1852.

“The asylum for the oppressed of all nations” was in one respect a mere rhetorical flourish. The United States was not considered a refuge for *all* the oppressed of *all* nations on the globe. To many pious Christians and democratic Americans, our country could not offer a haven to the Chinaman or the Japanese; and Africa, not America, was advanced as the asylum for the Negro.

Our national political parties recognized, with this exception, the principle of asylum. The Democrats, in their platforms of 1840, 1844, 1848, 1852, and 1856, resolved that “the liberal principles embodied by Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence, and sanctioned in the Constitution, which makes ours the land of liberty, and the asylum of the oppressed of every nation, have ever been the cardinal principles in the Democratic faith.” In 1864, 1868, 1872, 1892, and in 1912 and 1916, the Republican platforms showed the belief in asylum. The Republicans claimed in 1892 that their party had always been “the champion of the oppressed” and recognized the “dignity of manhood, irrespective of faith, color, or nationality.”

Grover Cleveland, the only Democratic President between the Civil War and Woodrow Wilson's time, was re-elected on a platform showing his own strong belief in asylum. "This country," it affirmed, "has always been the refuge of the oppressed from every land—exiles for conscience sake." It condemned the oppression by the Russian government of its Lutheran and Jewish people, and it offered sympathy to those struggling for home rule in Ireland.

Toward the end of the nineteenth century, however, many people saw the evils of unrestricted immigration. Aside from the nativists, labor groups had been the first to object. Their grievances against foreign cheap labor began as early as the forties and grew steadily until in the nineties organized labor was the most powerful single force behind the movement for a "literacy test" for immigrants. Such a law was passed in 1897, but Cleveland vetoed it. This veto showed that the traditional American viewpoint was still very much alive. The bill was pronounced a radical departure from our national policy. "Heretofore," wrote Cleveland, "we have welcomed all who came to us from other lands except those whose moral or physical condition or history threatened danger to our national welfare and safety."

Patriotic societies of all sorts, including the newly formed "restriction leagues" and "exclusion leagues," soon joined organized labor in the fight for immigration restriction. The "new" immigration from Southern and Eastern Europe was branded as "unassimilable." The hordes of Italians, Slavs, and Jews pouring into the United States were transforming our country into a "polyglot boarding-house." Crime and the growth of pauperism were attributed to the aliens. Their "low mentality" and "poor physical condition" would surely weaken our hardy American stock. Most important of all, they would surely lower our standard of living. Through unflagging agitation these organizations brought the immigration problem before twentieth-century America.

Magazine articles discussed the situation pro and con. Newspapers took definite stands on the question. Senators and Representatives waxed eloquent in the halls of Congress. University professors debated with professional economists and publicists. In the midst of this furor, Congress created an Immigration Commission to investigate all the aspects of this pressing problem. The outcome was a



colossal forty-one volume report in 1911 recommending restrictive legislation, but the tradition of asylum was expressly upheld.

Woodrow Wilson twice vetoed immigration bills. In his view, restriction would close entirely "the gates of asylum which have always been open to those who could find nowhere else the right and opportunity of constitutional agitation for what they conceived to be the natural and inalienable rights of men." The literacy test bill of 1917, which passed over the presidential veto, contained a clause admitting refugees at the discretion of the proper officials. Wilson had rejected this measure on the pretext that such judgment of the acts of foreign governments might cause "serious questions of international justice and comity."

After the World War, the idea of asylum was forsaken by many who feared that the United States would be overwhelmed by swarms of foreigners escaping from the economic debris of four long years of conflict. The American Federation of Labor and the patriotic societies, including the American Legion, again united in resisting the "alien influences" tending to destroy our democratic institutions and our relatively high standard of living. It was claimed that the cheap alien laborers from Eastern and Southern Europe were especially prone to mob psychology. Above all, "Bolshevism" was feared as the "arch-enemy of civilization," "the traitor within the gates," and the herald of the downfall of the human race.

Opposing restriction were many societies and congresses composed of Jews and Italians, against whose compatriots and coreligionists the proposed quota system would discriminate. Most of the Jewish and Italian immigration had been from Southern and Eastern Europe, and the new bill in Congress would severely limit immigration from these areas. A body of influential industrialists also opposed the measure. The steel industry opposed it—Messrs. Gary and Grace included. Again the tradition of asylum was utilized to reinforce the plea for cheap foreign labor.

Restriction won the day; people said that we had abandoned forever the tradition of asylum. The quota system, a new feature of our immigration legislation, became law in 1921 as an emergency measure, but was later extended. In 1924 the number of immigrants of a particular nationality was limited to 2 per cent of the number of foreign-born of that nationality living in the United States in 1910.



This act included the famous "national origins" clause which did not go into effect until 1929, and which then became the basis of our present immigration regulations. Today no more than 150,000 immigrants may enter the United States in one year. The quota of each country is the same percentage of 150,000 as its people constituted of our continental population in 1920.

Recent events have shown, however, that the United States, despite its immigration laws, is still an asylum for the oppressed. Refugees from Nazi Germany are entering the country as fast as our laws permit. Only 27,370 can be admitted annually, but quotas have been filled, and there are long waiting lists.

President Roosevelt was urged repeatedly to take the lead in an international conference to provide new homes for German refugees, as well as to obtain modification of our immigration laws so that the United States could admit more of them. Suggestions were made to allow a larger number of refugees to come to this country without changing the principle of the immigration law. Congressman Dickstein, Chairman of the House Immigration Committee, wished us to lump into an "emergency quota" the unused quotas of all nations. This, he maintained, would not substantially alter the existing law, and each immigrant would have to meet the present standards of entry and produce proof that he would not become a public charge. Senator Wagner introduced a bill to admit refugee children under fourteen years of age at the rate of ten thousand a year for two years. This was our first practical step toward raising the immigration bars for the victims of persecution.

Opinion at the Capitol was divided as to whether we should make any extension of the quota system. Because of lack of jobs here and because of the general dislike of congressmen for larger immigration, such plans for liberalizing our quotas would have met stiff opposition in Congress. The opening of hostilities in Europe, however, precluded any immediate action.

Meanwhile, civic and fraternal leaders, prominent clergymen, college presidents and professors, and representatives of organized labor throughout the country formed societies to defend the rights of oppressed groups. Editorial opinion usually sympathized with the refugee. The *New Republic* supported a plan resembling that of Mr. Dickstein. The *Commonweal*, a national weekly edited by Catholic laymen, asked that we ease the requirement of "liquid

financial responsibility" of the refugee or sponsorship by an American citizen. It questioned, as did the *Nation*, the argument that the refugees would deprive Americans of jobs. Spokesmen for refugee aid groups repeatedly pointed to the creation of new jobs through the business and professional initiative of the immigrants.

The outbreak of the present war virtually ended the stream of German, Austrian, Czech, and Polish refugees entering this country. Nazi occupation of European nations and the British blockade have raised new problems for the present and the future. For those refugees already here, the American Friends Service Committee, the National Refugee Service, the American Committee for Christian Refugees, the Committee for Catholic Refugees from Germany, and many Jewish organizations have given laudable aid in the fulfillment of America's promise to the oppressed.

Our frontier has passed forever. Our West and Northwest have been exploited. We have been urbanized and industrialized. It is no longer to our interest to encourage foreigners to flock to our shores. But *asylum*, steeped in natural rights philosophy and dignified by three centuries of American tradition, is today an integral part of our democratic ideal. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the action of Harvard University in establishing twenty scholarships for refugee students from Germany. In the words of President Conant, this is "a symbol of the determination of the younger generation to show by deeds as well as by words that the humanitarian basis of democracy is not dead."

## MARGARET FULLER AND *THE DIAL*

MADELEINE B. STERN

ON THE EIGHTEENTH of September, 1839, Margaret Fuller met the gentlemen of the Symposium Club at Cyrus Bartol's home in Chestnut Street, Boston. Instead of sucking transcendental doctrine out of theological straws or "going to heaven in a swing," Theodore Parker, Henry Hedge, William H. Channing, and Alcott centered their talk about a periodical to be designed as the organ of views that were in accordance with the soul. Much was said about *The Boston Quarterly Review* that Orestes Brownson was editing and about Heraud's journal across the seas. Alcott remarked incidentally, that he called his own "Scriptures"—that is, his Diaries, the "Dial." Margaret Fuller considered that if she were organizing a new quarterly it would be the medium for the freest expression of thought on every question of interest to earnest minds in every community. Theodore Parker was not quite sure whether a periodical edited by a woman would be virile enough for his taste. Miss Fuller he thought a good enough critic, but no creator—no *vates*. Yet she was a prodigious woman. She might put herself upon her genius rather too much, but there was no denying that she had genius. And so much thought had been accumulating that it must find an organ for self-expression. George Ripley no doubt considered that in such a journal he might find excellent opportunity to publish the ideas that were hatching in his mind—ideas about social communities, more exciting by far than his simple pastorate. No action was taken. But the seed had been sown.

When Margaret Fuller finally assumed the editorship of *The Dial* she assumed at the same time the power to protest usage and to search for principles, to make new demands on literature and let the American bluebird take the perch from the English skylark, to point out the true office of the critic and the position of the thinker, to clear the ground for the first appearance in print of the younger generation. *The Dial* would measure no hours but those of sunshine. Let it be one cheerful, rational voice amidst the din of mourners and polemics. With George Ripley, who had consented to act as business manager, she agreed on the editorial

policy of the new publication. It was to furnish, as she had proposed at the Symposium Club, a medium for the freest expression of thought; it would discuss principles rather than promote measures. The contributors would be united by sympathy of spirit rather than by agreement in speculation; their hearts would be in the future rather than in the past; their trust in the living soul instead of the dead letter. *The Dial* must occupy a position on which the light might fall, from which it might report the progress of the hour and the day.

It was all very well to contemplate the higher natures of ideal contributors. The editor discovered she would have to angle for the real ones. William Henry Channing was preaching in Cincinnati. Once he had prophesied a new literature. Margaret Fuller must write to him to contribute to that literature. Henry Hedge was preaching in Bangor, and the editor wrote, begging him to be good and politic, assuring him that she depended upon him for solid bullion. James Clarke must be induced to write a piece, and Albert Greene from his bench in Rhode Island cajoled to turn his pen again to verse. Alcott would more easily be persuaded to cast his bit of light upon *The Dial*. From his thoughts on Swedenborg and on the spine he would be able to make orphic utterances on the pantheon of the mind. Emerson too could be relied upon for a reprint of a lecture, or a new pearl dissolved in the crucible of his mind. He would also be able to obtain contributions from others who could represent his own tastes. Theodore Parker would surely gather his ideas together from the tomes he had been consuming and offer solid pabulum for the thirty actual subscribers and the thirty thousand hoped for. Christopher Cranch out West must be dissuaded from drawing pictures on the margins of his books and urged instead to write some verses about his inner world. George Bradford could be trusted to write on abolition, for though he was a little of a Whig, he was altogether a gentleman. There were the ladies also who must be induced to contribute—the ladies whom Margaret Fuller had uplifted in her West Street Conversations and who must now return bits of the star dust with which they had been sprinkled. Ellen Hooper must write Hellenic verses and Caroline Sturgis Carolinian ones. Lights from all corners of the New World must shine on *The Dial*, lest a shadow cross its face. Lights from the West were

warmer and more persistent than from the North, for Henry Hedge had put up a fence between Bangor and Concord and would have nothing to do at first with the enterprise.

To make up for his defection, however, there were volunteer contributions. Emerson had apparently been successful with his young friend, Henry Thoreau, for he had been persuaded to copy poems from his big red journal and dispatch them to the editor. Even James Russell Lowell, on the point of publishing his first volume, *A Year's Life*, decided to offer a contribution. Anna Barker also had written poem after poem, and now, after her link with Samuel Ward had been knit together again, she was ready to offer the results of her meditations to the new periodical. (Anna Barker had been engaged to marry Samuel Ward; the engagement had been broken, but finally they were married in October, 1840.) Really, more volunteer contributions were coming in than could be printed, and Margaret Fuller was forced to adopt some policy regarding their acceptance or rejection. When, through lack of time, she failed to answer every contributor, those who were thus rebuked were never heard from again. Any contribution, she decided, that combined individuality of character with vigor and accuracy of style would be published. If young Thomas Wentworth Higginson sent in a manuscript not without merit, yet without that vigor and accuracy, it must lie unprinted.

It was necessary for the editor to sit for hours at the desk in Jamaica Plain or Avon Place reading manuscripts, making criticisms, deciding upon final rejections and sifting the best work. The velvet penwiper was busier now than it had been when it cleaned the pens that translated Eckermann or planned *Conversations on Mythology*. Margaret Fuller pored over the essays and poems, making pencilings in the margins of the manuscripts. A sentence here must be marked "good," a phrase there "bella." Emerson's grouping of the words "eloquence" and "wealth" in his essay on "Modern Literature" had rather an "air bourgeois" and must be corrected. His expression, "dreadful melody," did not suit her. The "dreadful" had become vulgarized since its natal day. "Kosmos beauty" was here again; Emerson should be too individual to be known by a phrase, as a man might be characterized by a cough. He repeated the word "whipped" too often; the offense should be removed. Eliza-

both Peabody could never be clear and accurate in a brief space, and though her thoughts on Christ's Idea of Society were illuminating at a time when Ripley was so engrossed in communities, they must be condensed. Lowell's sonnets, after all, seemed too eclectic. They had a Tennysonian flavor; though they had merit, it was not a poetical merit. The last one, perhaps, might be accepted. Alcott and Parker could always be relied upon for contributions, but Margaret Fuller could not quite overcome her distrust of Alcott's mind and was unwilling to make Parker the leader of her journal. Those poems that Ellery Channing was sending from the West might be inserted. How much they reminded her of her sister Ellen, who had become his friend during her stay in Kentucky. Now she must return to Thoreau's manuscript. The second reading confirmed her first impressions. His essay, "The Recruit," was rich in ideas, but they seemed out of their natural order. She could not feel herself in a stream of thought; she seemed to hear the grating of tools on the mosaic. The article was so rugged that it ought to be commanding. Truth was seen too much in detail; there was a want of fluent music. It must be rejected. Thoreau said too constantly of nature, "She is mine." Margaret Fuller knew she would not be his till he had been more hers. William Story's piece was too long and must be omitted. Finally, from the sifting and second readings, from the pencilings on the margins and the revision of words and phrases, Margaret established her regular platoon of contributors and made space for a few first appearances. Alcott, Parker, and Emerson formed the trio whose words the reader might always expect to find. Thoreau, Dwight, Cranch, Dana, Ellery Channing, and young George Curtis would make their first appearance in the pages of her *Dial*. It was not an uninteresting assemblage.

Margaret Fuller looked once more over the articles she determined to insert in this representative issue. Would *The Dial* find its place in the sun? There was the lengthy essay by Thomas T. Stone called "Man in the Ages," which would reflect the transcendental light. Stone might speak once and then be heard no more, but it was fitting that his conception of the divine element in man, evolved from man's sensualism, should appear in her pages. It was well too to include Dwight's short account of the "Ideals of Everyday Life," to proclaim to State Street and Beacon Hill (if they would but

read) that the end dignifies the means, that the meanest occupation through which shines a lofty purpose becomes glorious. Parker's lengthy essay on German literature was strong meat and should appear before Alcott's tidbits. It was timely to remind Boston that the Germans had sat on the brink of the well of Truth and continued to draw for themselves and the world. Parker must know that Beauty and Truth were but two aspects of the same idea, two sides of the same diamond. She would speak to him about this when they next met. Margaret Fuller chewed the tidbits next—Alcott's "Orphic Sayings." "The trump of reform is sounding throughout the world for a revolution of all human affairs. The issue we cannot doubt." That would set the axe at the tree of idolatry. "Reformers are the noblest of facts." Beacon Hill would shake its stolid head at that and at this gem too. "In the kingdom of God are love and bread consociated, but in the realm of Mammon, bread sojourns with lies, and truth is a starveling." Even the Federal Street society would not like to hear that "the current version of all sacred books is profane," and Harvard, if it turned the pages, would laugh aloud to read that "facts reported are always false." But the Orphic Sayings must be uttered. They would go forth bearing Alcott's full signature, uncloaked by the anonymity that the other contributors preferred, who hid their names under letters of the alphabet. Sophia Ripley, well obscured by the sign, "W.N.," had heard enough at Margaret Fuller's conversations to contribute a short essay on "Woman," announcing to the world that in the present state of society, woman possesses not, but is under possession. Before Emerson's "Thoughts on Art," Lowell's "Sonnet to a Voice heard in Mount Auburn" might serve as herald. After the world of reformers had been given voice, it would be fitting to hear Emerson's characterization of art as the conscious utterance of thought to any end. Here was transcendentalism at the very fount. "Nature paints the best part of the picture. . . . The mind that made the world is not one mind, but the mind. Every man is an inlet to the same, and to all of the same. . . . The delight which a work of art affords, seems to arise from our recognizing in it the mind that formed Nature again in active operation." These were draughts from the deeper wells. They might gag in the throat of Beacon Hill, but they would soothe the palate of West Street. The Italians must be



represented also. Samuel Ward's letters from Italy on Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio would sound the Southern note and remind the New World of the Old. In between the essays there were poems to be inserted, lines by Caroline Sturgis who loved to sign herself "Z," stanzas by Thoreau, verses about violets and sphinxes.

Even then the copy would not hold out. The editor would be forced to bridge the gaps with her own writings. She would use her fantasy of "Klopstock and Meta" to fill the empty pages, along with her flowery exhalation from Lake Pontchartrain about the magnolia that knows the secret of the stars. This sentence was not bad, she considered, "The stars tell all their secrets to the flowers, and if we only knew how to look around us, we should not need to look above." It would go unsigned, nevertheless, but she would add an "F" to her essay on "Menzel's View of Goethe." She was glad to proclaim to Boston—and to New York and London if they would listen—that Menzel judged Goethe as a Philistine who looks at a master from without and tests him with a rule by which he never lived. These phrases about Goethe carried a certain dignity: "See how he rides at anchor, lordly, rich in freight, every white sail ready to be unfurled at a moment's warning." The "Record of the Months" would fill the last seven pages. The select list of publications would include a remark about Bancroft's *History of the United States*, and this would be followed by the announcement of Hawthorne's *Grandfather's Chair*. Margaret Fuller was happy to scribble a note in praise of Sophia Peabody's friend, and, indeed, it was true that no one of all the imaginative writers had indicated a power so peculiar in making present the past scenes of American history. She thumbed the pages. This was *The Dial: A Magazine for Literature, Philosophy and Religion*, a journal in which the isms of the new day were reflected and the older tendencies still cast light. She was fatigued and quite unfit to hold the pen any longer, but surely, she considered, *The Dial* must find its place in the sun.

Proof must be corrected, either at 121 Washington Street, where the office of *The Dial* was located, or in Avon Place. It was better to proofread in her own room, where George Ripley would not be rushing in for a financial discussion with Weeks and Jordan, the publishers, and where printer's ink was not so indissolubly associated with the writings of her friends. After the proofs had been cor-



rected, she had only to sit back and wait. Would shadows fall on the face of *The Dial*?

It was annoying, but not very important, to find a few printer's errors, when the issue was published, and to hear that Emerson did not like the appearance of the word "Dial," and wished strong black letters in place of the cautious, pale-faced ones that had been used. Other attacks on the journal were more violent than that. *The Knickerbocker* poked fun even at Emerson. The *Philadelphia Gazette* called Margaret a zany and Bedlamite, considerably madder than the Mormons. But most of the periodicals seized upon Alcott with the cruelest delight. The *Post* remarked that the "Orphic Sayings" resembled a train of fifteen railroad cars with one passenger, and many rising young journalists found keen pleasure in writing parodies of his utterances, which Alcott calmly cut out and pasted into his diary with the appropriate index. Even the loyal supporters out West could not refrain from drawing caricatures for private circulation. James Clarke and Christopher Cranch joined forces to paint their friends as others saw them. In one, James Clarke sketched Margaret Fuller driving a carriage and Emerson riding behind her. The remark emanating from the editor's mouth was

Our Dial shows the march of light  
O'er forest, hills and meadows.

To this a critic trudging by replied,

Not so, and yet you name it right  
It marks the flight of shadows.

Those drawings from the West were not in earnest; they cast no shadow on *The Dial*. But Margaret Fuller had no doubt when she listened to the chat in Boston bookstores, that it was Theodore Parker's articles that carried the quarterly and not her own or Emerson's. No one read the poetry at all; the new contributors were overlooked. They could all digest Parker's meat, but Alcott's tidbits stuck in the throat.

For all the storm at his own work, Alcott did not hesitate to tell Margaret that the periodical was but a twilight *Dial*, measuring not the meridian, but the morning ray. The nations, he mused, still wait for the gnomon that shall mark the broad noon. Emerson,

too, considered the journal too timid and did not believe it would scare the tenderest bantling of conformity. It was too literary, he said; it should contain the best advice on government, temperance, and trade. It should be nearer to the hodiurnal facts than his own writings were. Without bruising the whims of others, it should discuss property and land. Margaret Fuller knew that Emerson's opinion was the result of the essays he was writing at the moment on labor and reform, but she felt a certain justice in it none the less. The public that had stood before their doors in the highway were no longer on tiptoe for the coming of the new organ. Perhaps Emerson was not wrong in calling *The Dial* a herbarium of dried flowers. Yet at the same time he felt that it did report the progress of the day and that all who wrote and sang for it were clothed in white garments. Probably their garments were too white. Even Sarah Clarke thought the pieces a little lonely, and Carlyle began to write maledictions from Chelsea to the effect that *The Dial* was spirit-like, aeriform, aurora-borealis-like. Where, he demanded, was the stalwart Yankee with color in his cheeks and a coat upon his back? Parker, being the most stalwart of the Yankees associated with *The Dial*, wanted the journal to grow a beard. It lacked fire and flame; it lacked strength. Ripley and Margaret Fuller agreed, and began to run it down themselves. When Ellery Channing complained of her disposition to mysticism and Germanity, Margaret made no denial. The periodical did not seem every day enough. It might mark the flight of ages, but not of hours.

Some favorable opinions, however, did begin to be heard. In New York, Thomas Delf, a young Englishman in the employ of Wiley and Putnam, was reading *The Dial* with interest, though he was still seeking articles more solid and distinct for the advancing evolution of truth. And in Louisville John Keats's brother George found much in it to please him. Though Emerson's hope that the whole world would be its final audience was not fulfilled, the glance it cast upon books and things of the age was a broad one. It had touched a spirit in New York and one in Louisville, and the reposeful spirits of Beacon Hill had been shaken if not profoundly moved.

There was another side of *The Dial* to be considered, a side that reflected more shadow than sun, Ripley's side. The circulation, he was quick to discover, would never reach more than three hundred

names. Weeks and Jordan were loath to allow the contributors more than twelve free copies for all. Instead of the two hundred dollars that had been promised for Margaret, she found herself the possessor of two free copies of *The Dial*. The expense of publishing, Ripley estimated, would amount to seven hundred dollars, while the three hundred subscribers would yield only seven hundred and fifty dollars. Margaret Fuller realized that she would be unable to continue long without remuneration. In addition to all the monetary difficulties which Ripley had disclosed, Weeks and Jordan were on the point of failure. The Cambridge firm of Metcalf, Torry, and Ballou might print *The Dial* privately for a little while and then Elizabeth Peabody might undertake publication. Elizabeth could be relied upon for disinterested support, but never for accuracy in writing. She might wrap the issues of the quarterly, but beyond that the editor would not trust her far. There were shadows indeed on *The Dial*. But though it lacked fire and power at times, and though it was failing financially, Margaret Fuller comforted herself with the thought that perhaps it was a dial in advance of its times, a dial that marked the sunny hours of the future and hence bore the shadows of the present on its face. Though it did not satisfy the man of the age with its report of the progress of events, it might be to a later generation a history and a sign. It had given her an opportunity, at any rate, to give voice to those of her friends who seemed destined for larger audiences. It had given her exercise in criticism. If it had not yet found its place in the sun, perhaps it would one day. "The Dial that marked the flight of shadows." When the shadows had passed, the light would fall upon *The Dial*!

So until March, 1842, Margaret Fuller acted as editor of *The Dial*. When her poor health and the lack of remuneration finally forced her to yield the editorship to Emerson, she was interested in noting the changes that he inaugurated in the periodical. It was true that Theodore Parker was still given over thirty pages for his thoughts on the origin of Christianity, and Ellery Channing continued to dilate upon the youth of the poet and painter, but now Thoreau seemed to have gathered as many flowers from the ethnical scriptures of China as from his walks in Concord, while Charles Lane had been allowed over fifteen pages to discuss the social tendencies of America. The magazine had changed, obviously, she

considered, as she turned from "A Day with the Shakers" to the "Voyage to Jamaica." When she had been editor, she had tried to make it appeal to more than one type of intellect. She had thought it less important that everything in it be excellent than that the periodical represent with some fidelity the state of mind in New England. Emerson worked on a different principle. Everything in *The Dial* now conformed to his taste. As far as it went, this was admirable enough, but it did not go far enough. His principle resulted in a narrower range. Rather expansive sympathies, she decided, than a limited, severe outlook. However *The Dial* was Emerson's now, and since he had not failed it when it seemed as though it must go under, she would not fail him now, though indeed it looked again as though the quarterly could not continue.

For the issue of January, 1844, therefore, she contributed a review of "The Modern Drama." Here she reiterated her belief that those who played a pipe cut from their own grove were far more admirable than those who displayed an ivory lute handed down from olden times. In the West the young people still acted *Tamerlane* and *Cambyzes* for the storekeepers and settlers, but the day must come when the fortunes of Boone or the defeat of Black Hawk would produce a dramatic form entirely new in America. We looked too much to the stars and forgot our private trust. There. Let that article come between Thoreau's extracts from Buddha's White Lotus and Charles Lane's vituperations against Brook Farm. Then there was a dialogue to be written for what might very well be the last issue of *The Dial*. There were lines in the conversation, which Margaret imagined between Aglauron and Laurie, that Emerson would not disdain. "Quiet thought always showed me the difference between heartlessness and the want of a deep heart." Ellery Channing would like that. Even Thoreau would admit the precision of this sentence about Wordsworth, "whose wide and equable thought flows on like a river through the plain." And this idea would delight Emerson, "It needs not that one of deeply thoughtful mind be passionate, to divine all the secrets of passion. Thought is a bee that cannot miss those flowers." What would they say of this: "Tragedy is always a mistake." Let the reader of *The Dial*—of the last *Dial* if they would have it so—take thought upon such phrases, as they turned from Elizabeth Peabody's explanation of

Fourierism to excerpts from the Chaldaean Oracles or Charles Lane's account of the Millennial Church.

The issue of April, 1844, did mark the last appearance of *The Dial*. Though there had been shadows on its face, it had marked the time of day. If the day had been one in which Millerism, Socialism, Transcendentalism and all the other isms revolved in men's minds, they had been well recorded in its pages. So far at least *The Dial* had been true to its name. The lights and shadows of the years 1840 to 1844 would be permanently reflected there.

## THE VISION OF WOODROW WILSON

JOSEPH CONRAD FEHR

**A**LTHOUGH there are still many who insist that the greatness of Woodrow Wilson was but the glamour of the moment which died with him, anyone who can interpret the signs of the times can see that the late President's hopes and aspirations for a new world in place of the old are again engaging men's serious thought and attention. Indeed, there is an ever-growing conviction among people generally that by disavowing Wilson's inspired program for a lasting peace—that the nations arrayed against Germany and her allies temper their attitude by "high-minded justice," and in place of the historic conception of the *Pax Romana* (peace by universal empire) adopt a new world policy for the purpose of establishing peace *co-operatively* among *independent* nations—the so-called peacemakers who met at Versailles sowed the very seeds of the portentous unrest now engulfing the entire world.

There is little doubt that the outspoken idealism of President Wilson was largely responsible for breaking the resistance of Germany in 1918. According to his magnanimous view there had been no war against the German people, as such. Although the Treaty of Versailles was not to his liking, and, in fact, betrayed the high purposes that had brought him to Paris, he accepted it only because he sincerely believed that his League of Nations, with its promise of a new reign of reason and restraint, would inevitably remove, one by one, its many injustices. In spite of the compromises he had to make, President Wilson believed that there was a latent "nobleness" in nations as well as individuals. "Be noble," he seemed to say, "and the nobleness which lies in other men, sleeping but never dead, will rise in majesty to meet thine own." And in order to touch off this divine spark, he boldly set the example of asking nothing for his country, only peace.

Wilson's enemies still argue that he allowed himself to become imbued with a childish naïveté, "impractical dreamer that he was," thereby becoming a dupe at the hands of the ruthless realists he had to cope with. His devoted followers, on the other hand, insist that Wilson's dream of the dawning of a new international era could

and would have been realized, in spite of a vengeful "peace" treaty, if the United States had not rejected the League of his own creation. It is the age-old conflict between two schools of thought—idealism versus realism. This much only seems definitely certain, that without the United States as a member the League was doomed to failure from the start and that the world became once more blinded to those almost divinely conceived principles of national and international right and policy which Wilson championed up to the very time of his death.

President Wilson's two eventful administrations were characterized by a unity of purpose and solicitation for the people's welfare as had not motivated American politics since the days of the Founding Fathers. He dignified public life as never before. In his masterful hands, government again became an instrument of service for poor and rich alike. He not only made himself the mouthpiece of the people, speaking always "as one having authority," but also as the enlightened prophet of an enlightened people.

By sheer force of mind and character, colored by a mixture of radicalism in the realm of ideals and stubborn conservatism in the application of principles, he seemed to be in touch with the centuries and because he was so intimately familiar with the history of the world he had not only imagination to envision and plan for the future, but the courage to do so as well.

It is, of course, foolhardy to maintain that Woodrow Wilson had no defects. His brilliant and lofty mind, as is so often the case with great men, made him impatient of the simulations and dissimulations of the men he was constantly called upon to deal with. He was often irritated by what appeared to him their lack of vision. No matter what his mistakes, however, it cannot be gainsaid that he was at all times governed by the highest motives. Make-believe was altogether foreign to his make-up, and he could never hide his contempt for mere expedencies. As he remarked of Edmund Burke, he was himself "First and last a master of principles." And when the people of the United States exalted him to the highest position of trust and honor within their gift, the country's affairs were once again in the hands of an expert in statecraft.

Woodrow Wilson sought to lead and guide not only the American people, but the peoples of all civilized nations to a higher plane



of political life. His power over men and affairs was essentially spiritual. No one can deny that he lifted the eyes, first of his countrymen and then of the world at large, above purely selfish standards and gave them a new measuring rod by which to gauge public service. He typified the sort of great man Emerson spoke of, one "who knows that the spiritual is greater than any material force." As such he was a missionary specially called into an incredulous world to convince his fellow men that America had a heart and soul as well as gold and silver. He gave pride of country a new spiritual tone, and when the smoke of battle had vanished away and people everywhere cried out for peace and something stable upon which to rebuild civilization, it was Woodrow Wilson, the President of the United States, who climbed to the summit of the ages to teach mankind that only through love and sacrifice could the world be made a new and really worth-while place to live in.

It was this deeply religious force of his constant and sincere nature that captured the world's imagination. No wonder that he was called by some a theorist and a dreamer. His idealism, contagious as it was, was too lofty for most men. But history, as it has repeatedly done with the great characters of the past, must acknowledge the stimulating influence of Mr. Wilson's unwavering idealism. He has said, "Do you covet honor? You will never get it by serving yourself. Do you covet distinction? You will get it only as a servant of mankind." And to prove it he went to work and became the most honored and most distinguished citizen and statesman of his generation. There have been other men of great deeds in times of epochal events, but they have usually been men of little, if any, spiritual growth and comprehension. Few of them were capable of seeing farther than the mere outline of material forces. Like all men of vision and dominating leadership, Woodrow Wilson was destined to pay the usual price for genius—that of being "misunderstood."

America has been blessed with few chief magistrates who have been really great men. However, Woodrow Wilson will be known for all time as one of his country's chosen and anointed leaders. His greatness rests not alone upon that "cultured mind" which he himself so perfectly defined—"a mind quit of its awkwardness, eased of all impediment and illusion, made quick and athletic in the acceptable exercise of power . . . at once informed and just . . . habituated



to choose its course with knowledge, and filled with assurance, like one who knows the world and can live in it without either unreasonable hope or unwarranted fear"—but primarily upon his amazing strength of character. His record of accomplishments and deeds as the nation's chief executive during a perilous international crisis is everlasting proof that a scholar and literary man is by training and study capable of being entrusted by any people with leadership in public affairs. Wilson was never so busy that he could not write his own state papers and addresses. It is because they punctuate the very essence of a great man's thinking and emotions that they are such powerful and permanent documents. Long years of academic training as a student and teacher, and then as president of one of the foremost institutions of learning in the land, coupled with a rigorous rearing while a child in a Christian home, combined to develop in him those marvelous gifts of intellect and traits of character which won for him the admiration of the world for all time.

During those quiet but fateful years as student and teacher, Woodrow Wilson was moulding his knowledge into wisdom and power. His reputation for learning spread throughout the land, and men of affairs took note of his scholarship and exceptional qualities as a leader of both thought and action. In the fullness of his prime he was called by the people of his state to forsake his vocation as a teacher in order to become their governor. So successful was he in demonstrating the practical value of his vast academic training and experience that he was after four eventful years elevated to the presidency of the United States by a grateful people whose enthusiasm had been fired by his voice and achievements.

Thus he came as a crusader, rich in the knowledge of universities, and ripe in the wisdom that can only be garnered through a lifelong experience in which a man must first be tried and found true in many a difficult place, preaching and laboring for an interdependent world that would always be at peace. No sooner had he uttered his first inaugural address than America knew that her choice was justified. Here was "a man to the manor born." He seemed to know intuitively all the basic and fundamental principles upon which society rests and, therefore, all the virtues and defects of democratic forms of government.

In point of character and intellectual attainments, Woodrow

Wilson was too unusual a man to be a typical American. Like those other unusual Americans, Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton, Jackson, and Lincoln, he was, however, a typical American in the magnificent use he made of his genius. He had that uncommon faculty of seeing with his own eyes, and was never satisfied unless he understood the cause and effect of things. In the following paragraph from his essay on Walter Bagehot, "A Literary Politician," Woodrow Wilson perhaps best pictures the man and statesman he himself was:

It is not the constitutional lawyer, nor the student of the mere machinery and legal structure of institutions, nor the politician, a mere handler of that machinery, who is competent to understand and expound government; but the man who finds the materials for his thought far and wide, in everything that reveals character and circumstance and motive. It is necessary to stand with the poets as well as with law-givers; with the fathers of the race as well as with your neighbor of today; with those who toil and are sick at heart as well as with those who prosper and laugh and take their pleasure; with the merchant and the manufacturer as well as with the closeted student; with the schoolmaster and with those whose only school is life; with the orator and with the men who have wrought always in silence; in the midst of thought and also in the midst of affairs, if you would really comprehend those great wholes of history and of character which are the vital substance of politics.

Never before had the American people elected as their president a man who was able to measure up to every one of these exacting requirements of the scholar-statesman. But Woodrow Wilson did. Orator, lawyer, teacher, he could commune with the muses as well as confer with merchants, manufacturers, and laborers. On the strength of his extensive and varied interests, talents, and abilities he was always able to find "the materials for his thought far and wide, in everything that reveals character and circumstance and motive." No wonder that his eager mental curiosity and fearlessness of character eventually brought him into conflict with men whose interests were on a more mundane level. Although his refusal to be self-cautious had endeared him in the confidence and esteem of the masses, born aristocrat that he was, his detractors finally succeeded in destroying him. As was ever the case, however, the destruction of the man merely gave the vision he gave his life to greater impetus

and served to insure its growth and propagation in a world which is still hovering between peace and war.

At heart always "a man of the people," the same as that other American aristocrat, Wendell Phillips, not because he was essentially a common man, but because he was a professed servant of the people, Woodrow Wilson never failed to follow the Biblical injunction, "Let Him who would be chief among you be your servant." It was probably this determination to detach himself from class distinctions and narrow points of view and to look at a problem from all angles instead of being governed by mere expedients of the moment which gave rise to that distaste for the practice of law which Wilson carried through life. It was apparently difficult for him to master court procedure, and it seemed to disgust him to see about him men whose talents he justly looked down upon excelling in an "art" that was distasteful to him. "The life of a lawyer," he wrote of Edmund Burke, whom he so much admired, "would inevitably confine his roving mind within intolerably narrow limits." That exhibits precisely Wilson's own attitude toward the profession of law, and no doubt explains many of the other crosscurrents of his eventful life. As a lawyer, Woodrow Wilson was at his best as a champion and expounder of legal principles.

While Woodrow Wilson was President of the United States his ideals had a special appeal to the youth of the land. His high conceptions of public service and his brilliant manner of discharging the manifold duties of the presidency served as a concrete demonstration that education was never intended to be merely a means of making a livelihood, but for the nobler purpose of acquiring knowledge with a view to developing character and wisdom. He permitted nothing to draw him away from the lofty ideals that he fostered as a young man, and he never suffered them to be smothered in the crucible of everyday struggles, discouragements and apparent failures. During the tension, excitement, and passion of the World War, he steadfastly maintained his sense of proportion—never forgetting that his main object was peace and not war.

And when the war was over, he became once more the teacher in a Herculean effort to convince an outraged world that only through the political and economic co-operation of a *society* of nations could lasting peace be achieved.

Day after day, in the course of a nation-wide speaking tour in the summer and fall of 1919, Wilson risked not only the prestige of his high office but also his life in order to convince his indifferent countrymen that his plan of a permanent peace, based on the willingness of nations to co-operate instead of seeking to dominate and subjugate one another, was sound. Whether we want to be or not, he argued, the United States is part and parcel of an "interdependent world," which fact alone commits our country to assume the responsibility of promoting "international understanding" as a peaceful member in the *family* of nations. To do otherwise, he pointed out, this great country would only serve the forces working to bring about international discord and the disintegration of democracy. "You cannot," he said, "trade with a world disordered." And just before he was stricken ill, he made the following notable declaration in his speech at Des Moines, Iowa: "The isolation of the United States is at an end, not because we choose to go into the politics of the world but because by the sheer genius of our people and the growth of our power we have become a determining factor in the history of mankind. After you have become a determining factor you cannot remain isolated, whether you want to or not. Isolation ended by the processes of history, not by our independent choice."

Because President Wilson taught his countrymen to think less in terms of material things, important as they are, and to strive more for the durable spiritual heritages left them by their forefathers, men not capable of such "dreams" called him an impractical visionary. As a matter of fact, Wilson could more than likely have readily forsaken the field of scholarship and entered upon a successful and prosperous career as a lawyer, had he been so minded. But to his everlasting credit and the ultimate good of humanity, he blinded himself to any selfish desires he may have had for riches, and chose to make his career in the quiet haunts of a university cloister where by indefatigable industry he trained and equipped himself to assume charge of the epochal world events to which a kind providence later called him as a leader of leaders.

Wilson failed in the supreme effort of his life to establish ways and means that would insure universal peace, which Dante more than six hundred years ago declared to be "the first blessing of mankind." Even now, nearly a generation later, there are critics of *Wilsonian*

policies no kinder than were the critics of 1919. But all that is presently transpiring, either to involve this country in the present world conflict or to keep it out of war, bears witness to the fact that the United States, by and large, is ready to accept Wilson's basic concept of the interdependence of nations. It is becoming more and more evident that the American people, now under the leadership of a Chief Executive and a Secretary of State having the same perspective as the great War President under whom they served, are at last ready to do justice to the memory of Woodrow Wilson. There can be little question that when the history of the twentieth century is written, Wilson will be proclaimed as one of its most heroic as well as tragic figures. And if, as Marcus Aurelius remarked, "The value of a man is the value of the objects on which his heart is set," then Woodrow Wilson's name and fame are unquestionably engraved for all time in the hearts of his countrymen and lovers of peace and justice everywhere, for thinking people throughout the world now see in his work not merely the outlines of a system of world peace *in our times* but the very warp and woof of a pattern of world readjustment for more than a century to come.

## GETTING OUT OF THE CLASSROOM

HENRY NELSON SNYDER

A VERY OLD teacher once startled a very young teacher by saying, "If a teacher cannot take his subject out of the classroom and make it seem interesting and important to people generally, they will be slow to believe that it is really interesting and important inside the classroom." And then he added, "There is no subject, however abstruse and complex but that there is somebody somewhere who can present it so simply and clearly that even the man in the street understands it." Thus he was saying, though in different language and possibly from a different point of view, what President Gilman was saying at Johns Hopkins and President Harper at the new University of Chicago fifty years ago. They were urging their professors to write and lecture under the broad conception that a university, being a public institution, must make its influence felt beyond its walls, particularly in the community in which it was located. Then came the state universities with a like purpose and, for obvious reasons, with a stronger motive for taking the university to the people, adopting the "slogan" that "the State is the Campus of the University." Of course, that may have had mixed with it something of the demagogic, that is, it was one way of enticing greater appropriations from state legislatures. Still the fact is that the leadership of the larger institutions held to the thought that whatever was worth teaching in classrooms was worth sharing with the public—must somehow be gotten out of classrooms. And this evidently was what this older teacher had in mind.

He himself taught mathematics and astronomy, and was an artist in the way of so simplifying and vivifying in both written and spoken word these two abstract and rather difficult subjects that they seemed a part of the realities of everyday life. In this art he was rarely gifted, and from the response he received in the exercise of it, he knew what it meant to step from the narrow confines of his college classroom into that larger classroom, so to speak, of the man in the street, and bring him to understand the importance even to him of what this instructor was teaching young students in the classroom.

It would, of course, be too much to expect every teacher to get

out of his classroom by his method. Some men are endowed with a sort of talent for it; others only acquire it with great difficulty and long practice; and still others by temperament seem quite unfitted for it. For such as these there must be other ways of taking themselves and what they teach out of the lecture room. And there are. One is a passionate love of their subject, and a kind of religious consecration to it. It does not make much difference what the subject is. Whether it is related in a vital way to some real interest in life, or is something which may be quite foreign to it, does not matter. The teacher's zeal, his absorption in his subject, his faith that it does matter above everything else, do have a sort of contagion with students, and they talk about the instructor, even catch his enthusiasm, almost believe in his own estimate of his subject, and thus spread his fame abroad. Students used to say of one such instructor that he could give a course in "brick-bats," and make it full of meaning, beauty, and interest. And he could because he would so love it as himself to see beauty and meaning and interest in it, whatever it might be.

He was not an impressive-looking man—in fact, really insignificant in appearance—bald, with a fringe of iron-grey hair, beginning at the ear-tops and sprinkling down; plenty of untrimmed whiskers nearly covered his face; a nose slightly turned up, but a pair of shining eyes almost bright enough to make up for the rest of an otherwise undistinguished face; a high tenor voice, falsetto in pitch, that would lash laziness and stupidity into shame and yet at times call with a sort of clarion note to latent intelligence and enthusiasm. "Young gentlemen," he would say at the beginning of the year, "I shall adjust my teaching to meet the capacities of the first third of this class, and the second third will profit by it, but God help the last third. I won't."

And he did not, but for that "first third" the whole Greek world was made to live as if there were no part of this present world worth thinking about if it did not have something of Greek thought and Greek culture in it. In this Greek instructor's way of looking at the big scheme of things nothing else counted, and his own faith was so great and unshaken that his students caught no little of the passion of his own soul and, talking about him among themselves, had others not interested in Greek talking about him.



It was noised abroad that a half-dozen or so students were voluntarily meeting him at his home in the evenings, just reading and discussing the plays of Sophocles, not as a regular "credit" course, but as so much "extra," and for the sheer love of it, too, on the part of both professor and students. Such performances could not hold this instructor within the four walls of any classroom. The president of a great university heard about it, came a thousand miles to see such a man at work, and took him away to a position where his talents might find a much wider field of expression.

This same man had only two men taking graduate Greek. Once a week he met them in his study for two or three hours at a time, a seminar he called it. With them he spent three months on about the first fifty lines of Homer's *Iliad*. But what a three months! Every hidden digamma was uncovered; dialectical variations were run down; philological relations with other languages were established; even the original theoretical Indo-European speech was reconstructed; every comment by anybody in any language on those first fifty lines was investigated; all phases of the Homeric problem were studied; the delvings of the archaeologists into that prehistoric, pre-Homeric Greece were brought to light; and at the end, as the two rose to go, he quietly said, "Young gentlemen, you know as much about these fifty lines as any scholar alive!" Out into the tingling winter night they went in silence, bearing each in his spirit an accolade more brilliant than any shining star above them, with a story in their hearts they would be telling to the end of their days.

Keep a man like that in a classroom? No; such a love for his subject, such faith in its value, such zeal to share it with others are bound to break through confining walls into wider spaces of interest and influence. We know, moreover, that such men are prodigious workers. Their students soon become aware that not for them is the easy, smooth, rut-worn routine into which so many teachers slip gradually, but surely, through the years. But it is work, work without ceasing, not drudgery, but a joyous giving of one's self that has a creative quality in it. It was one o'clock in the morning. Returning from a social function, passing a university building, the wife of one of the younger instructors pointed to a light in the windows of the third story to say, "That light will be the death of my husband. It's old Professor Blank, over seventy years old, still working in his



laboratory. My husband thinks if the 'old man' works till one in the morning, he himself ought to be at it till two o'clock anyway." The "old man" is getting ready for the next day's classes, and the right sort of preparation demands long, long hours of toil. Besides, he has a virtual passion for it! Now old Professor Blank is a modest, retiring man. He could not be dragged out of his classrooms for anything like a "public appearance," but the fame of his untiring devotion to his specialty, his counting all the world well lost if he can but fill the measure of his days with absorbing labor for the knowledge and understanding of his subject, gets abroad until he is as well known as that brilliant colleague whose gift of public speech makes him a shining figure on the lecture platform.

Then sometimes this plodding toiler at "Hoti's Business," this delver into the apparently little things of scholarship, emerges with a small monograph, or even a book, the slow, patient product of those unsleeping, unresting hours, and the elect world of scholars to which he belongs will acclaim him as one of the great because he has ventured where no one else has been before and has thrown a ray of light into one other dark place of human ignorance. His students will be glad and proud they have studied "under him," and will always be quick to speak of what infinite toil was behind the little pamphlet or book, as if the greatness of the man were not in the achievement but in the spirit and method that created the achievement—a spirit and method that were ever afterwards to shame them whenever they permitted to themselves shoddy or hurried work in any field of endeavor.

Then there are even other ways of getting out of the classroom. There is that type of man who never has an idea about "research" in the commonly accepted sense of the word, or, indeed, about writing anything. He is a "mere teacher," but he is vigorous, exacting, and withal inspiring. Even his colleagues say of him that within the four walls of his classroom he is the best teacher they have ever known. Moreover, they enjoy guessing how many extra hours beyond the required conventional fifteen per week he really teaches. From this standpoint he is the mystery man of the campus. At odd, unseasonable hours, in his office, or even at his home, he is meeting them, his dumb boys and his bright boys, trying to drive both groups to the limit of their powers. But with these efforts there is no

relaxation in his standards. He is just a great teacher, an artist in his way, skilled beyond most in discovering and releasing sleeping or hidden capacities, and never so happy as when engaged in the process. He may not be a "scholar" himself, but by some magic of genius or acquired expertness he makes scholars. And everybody knows it, and tries to tell everybody who does not. As time passes, the quiet little man is startled to find generations of alumni becoming appreciatively and gratefully voluble when his name is mentioned. The four walls of his classroom were not thick enough to confine his greatness as a teacher. He wrote no books, but they whom he taught did!

He was a scientist who in his lecture room and laboratory approached the fundamental facts and forces of nature with a sort of humility and reverence. The principles that underlay these facts and forces he clarified for the limited understanding of the run-of-mines college students. He was a shy man, and no cable would be strong enough to draw him out of his lecture room regularly, though on rare occasions he might venture to tell the public about something new in the great field in which he was interested. But he retired so quickly that the effort he had made was soon forgotten. And yet he had a fame which kept accumulating through a long life. Not only his students but everybody who came into any sort of personal relations with him spread it. They said he was "a gentleman and a scholar," with a rather special emphasis on the "gentleman" part of this now ancient phrase. And this was what he was by all of the standards of ancestry, background, rearing. Gentle, courteous, considerate, his attitude toward the youngest student was no different from that towards men and women of his own age, the result being that they always knew they were in the presence of a fine and choice human personality, "a gentleman," and their talk among themselves as well as to outsiders was that they were associating with something essentially gracious and noble. And so the walls of that lecture room dropped away and, without being aware of it, he stepped out into a kind of fame from which he would have shrunk had he known it, a gentleman always and everywhere. And who shall say there is not a place for a few gentlemen on every college faculty!

He was a professor of mathematics, but he knew everything the other men taught better than they knew it themselves, so the campus

talk went. Anyway, the fact was that when the young Ph.D.'s from Leipzig or Göttingen, in Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Sanskrit, or comparative philology ran into a knotty problem, it was to him they ran for help. And they reported that they got it, and that he knew more in their special field than even the famed scholars under whom they had taken their degrees. The latest revelers returning in the early morning hours told with a sort of awe that the lamp in his study was still burning, and that the "old man" was at his desk, book in hand. With becoming modesty he shared his encyclopedic knowledge with all who sought his aid, and what is more—a wisdom that seemed to penetrate every phase of life with insight and understanding. If he wrote anything or delivered a public lecture, nobody ever heard of it.

He did not have to do either of these things to become as well known as any man on the college campus. In the course of time stories gathered about him, things he is reputed to have said and done, stories of the range, the accuracy of his knowledge, and insight into student character. Of course, some of these stories were of the nature of myths and legends, but this one can be vouched for. A student in one of his classes had a knack or talent in the languages, but none in the higher mathematics. To this particular student the course in differential and integral calculus was a gorgeous piece of humor as with huge formulae it dealt with problems sprinkled generously with "zeros" and "infinities." When the final grades were posted on the bulletin board, to his amazement he was given grade "B." Not expecting even a "pass," he was sure it must be a mistake. And so to the professor he went, and when it was certain it was not a mistake this conversation took place:

"Now, Professor, how did you do it? I didn't!"

With that quizzical twinkle in his wise eyes, so characteristic of him, this is what he said: "Yes, I gave you that grade for the brilliancy of your ignorance. You went wrong in more intelligent ways than any student I ever had."

Keep a man like that in the classroom? No. Fifty years afterwards the alumni will be still talking about his whimsical sense of humor, his wise insight into the minds of students, that amazing knowledge of his that to them seemed to have no bounds, and that gentle, smiling, unassertive, easy way he had of sharing his knowl-

edge and helping them solve their problems, not merely in the field of mathematics, but also in any other field of study or experience.

And so it goes. There are many ways by which men of varying types of personality seem to get out of the confining walls of classrooms, carrying themselves and what they teach to a much wider company than that small group of students to whom they lecture from day to day. Some do this, as I have indicated, by a certain gift of written or oral speech, interpreters of scholarly subjects to the so-called general public. But this is not the only way. Those whose passion for their subject is so consuming that others catch the flame of it; those who apparently know nothing else in all the world than to work at their subject as if time were too short for them to master it; those who have such a faith in what they are teaching as to believe that the very foundations of the universe depend upon it, such a faith as keeps alive for present and immediate use far-off and remote things, men who have within them a sort of overflowing enthusiasm for the thing they are doing; then, there are those rare spirits who just must investigate, driven by some irresistible urge to go where no man else has been, in scale not discovering a new continent, but making the world a bit richer in its knowledge because they have taken no rest in their searching; and, finally, those who ask nothing else than to "gladly learn and gladly teach," and also those others whose wisdom and knowledge seem of such plentitude as to be enough for the whole campus.

And so the scholar may make his choice. If he does not drop into the deep rut of routine, which is the early death of so many young teachers, he can choose any one of these roadways, "high" ways, one may, in a true sense, call all of them. Each can lead to a satisfying and a happy life, and at the end he will envy no man his position and covet no man his wealth, and any one of them will take him far out of his classroom where there will be many to pay tribute to his greatness.

## THE SECOND PASSING OF SAMUEL BUTLER

NEVIN DILWORTH

THE DEATH of Samuel Butler in 1902 was that of a comparatively unknown man. It was not the passing of a gentle and retiring creature, nor was it that of a genius whose time had yet to be prepared for him; rather was it that of a man who had been indisposed to the nurture and garnering of a contemporary reputation, and who had been content to remain himself, to foster that self, and to retain a license for the free criticism of men and things.

He was one of that meager company of men who insist upon measuring everything before their eyes by the length and breadth of their own wit. In addition, moved by a profound belief in the importance of the microcosm and the value of human personality, he singled out for a closer observation many subjects that his neighbors had long believed to lie, in sacred state, far above questioning and comment. And he was thus moved, not as a stranger, nor as an eccentric, but as a late, perhaps a final, product of the century. This humanitarian egoist, who broke and fashioned idols with equal authority and ease, was a kind of romantic residuum. Through himself he expressed the essence of his age, revealing the logical end of its individualism in words so startlingly plain that the age with quiet and firm propriety refused to recognize itself.

Privately then, Samuel Butler died, ignored in his passing as in life he had been rebuffed. But a year after the event his literary executor published that novel which had long been withheld for a posthumous appearance. *The Way of All Flesh* attracted the curiosity of just the sort of common reader that had read *Erewhon* when it had first come out; *Erewhon* was momentarily interesting because no one knew who had written it, and *The Way of All Flesh* held charms because, in another sense, it too was perhaps just a shade illegitimate. Still with no fanfare, and with no flurry at the start, Butler began, however, more and more widely to be talked about. In less than ten years, by the freak that death will sometimes work upon fame, Butler was a late (it was too true) but no longer neglected genius. The reason for this sudden change? The times had taken a

new turn, things that had satisfied had begun to pall, people were no longer as they had been. At least, such are the eternal excuses.

It was this rebirth that Butler had confidently awaited, and that he thought of as the finer end of human striving. He himself could not have wished for a fuller recognition, among the elect, of the diversity of his attainments. He was praised for the independence of his thought in the field of biology, for his criticism of (no one knew how many) conventions, for the virtuosity of his satire, for the range and originality of his wit; and he was said to have written one of the great English novels. It began to look as if he were destined to round out the threescore and ten years of immortality that he so modestly said were all a man should hope for.

About ten years ago his fame reached a climax. His more specialized books were being published with no thought of who might read them; critical studies were being written, and came all together in a wave; the colleges were becoming hospitable to a new name. And then, suddenly, it seemed that there was very little left to say about Samuel Butler. So little was there to say, indeed, that for long periods nothing was said. *Evolution Old and New*, *Luck or Cunning? Ex Voto*, joined the depressing ranks of the remaindered. The *Note-Books*, being out of print, continued so; there is apparently no demand now for the very body and spirit of Butler. And the last that has been written about the man has been in the form of biographical criticism, a certain sign of death.

It is not good for a man to be discovered posthumously. In the excitement there is bound to be somewhere a lack of proportion; and when the first fervor dies the man himself is not there to restore equilibrium as only he would know how, in the circumstances, to do. There was a considerable jolt, then, when men who were listened to began to assert that, after all, *The Way of All Flesh* was by no means so fine a novel as people had been led to believe. And very shortly, Butler was revealed as that embarrassing phenomenon, a master without a masterpiece.

There is reason to believe that we are all about to assist at the second passing of Samuel Butler. Whether he will rise yet again, and to what he may owe his preservation, are questions it is not too early to ask. Does anything he wrote stand by itself? Or does even he, as

a mind and a man, stand complete and integrated by all his own words?

The general nature of his mind is easily sketched. From his young manhood, when we know him first, to the end of his life, he was indiscriminately inquisitive and engaged in setting up his opinions. Feeling the need of points of constancy, of something to rest his back against from time to time, he erected prejudices and tended them extravagantly. From these he drew strength to go abroad in the world, exploring and doing battle in the way that was his. To speak in other terms, there was always an undergraduate quality about Butler. He was perpetually in the process of finding himself and of fixing reality. He was forever moulding a world and forever resisting the mould. He never froze. In the whole fabric of his nature was spun the habit of distinguishing between one thing and another, and of relating one thing to another. This is a primary criterion of intelligence; it is a mind's work.

The year 1859 took many a young man by the collar and pushed him into a highroad of which he was never again to lose sight completely. In the case of Butler, the world between England and New Zealand, where he had gone to make a fortune, was not wide enough to deaden the birth-cries of a book. The *Origin of Species* brought Butler what was the first great idea to meet his maturity. Its effect upon him was immediate. He wrote for the *Press* of Christchurch, New Zealand, on Evolution as it was applied to men and as it might be applied to machines as well. Evolution became to him a point of departure for endless theorizing. He traced the early history of the idea and while championing Buffon and Lamarck, resurrected Erasmus Darwin. Until his death he shook the "inheritance of acquired characters" and the skeleton of Erasmus Darwin in the faces of Charles Darwin and his apostles. In *Life and Habit* he developed the theory of Unconscious Memory as an explanation for the growth and survival of the species; and in other books he supported his thesis and attacked his opponents.

Butler was no biologist, nor did he pretend to be one. He merely asserted his right as an intelligent man to point out flaws in argument and to support what, in his opinion, approached most nearly to common sense. He made himself unprofessionally familiar with what



was put forth in writing as fact, and with whatever was advanced as proof. With this preparation he confidently set out upon the criticism of science. Certainly no proper objection can be made to this program; if science is to speak in words, it must try to talk sensibly, for it is to be judged by its words.

As Butler took the side of Lamarck, so he identified himself with other unfashionable theories. In all that he wrote on science he took the logical premise that results must have causes. That is why he rejected the anti-Lamarckian position which made chance the arbiter of survival. And from his impulse to look for reasons arose the idea of Unconscious Memory. He saw, comprehensively, the long experience of the race transmitted down the unbroken line of generations; survival was largely a matter of cleverness—the ability to make use of the inherited experience of one's species, and to solve new problems, elude new dangers as they came.

"Plain people," he writes in *The Deadlock in Darwinism*, "will prefer to say that the main cause of any accumulation of favourable modifications consists rather in that which brings about the initial variations, and in the fact that these can be inherited at all, than in the fact that the unmodified individuals were not successful. People do not become rich because the poor in large numbers go away, but because they have been lucky, or provident, or more commonly both. If they would keep their wealth when they have made it they must exclude luck thenceforth to the utmost of their power and their children must follow their example or they will soon lose their money." As it happened, plain people preferred to say nothing of the sort, but a few biologists did say it, in various ways. No one, however, seems to have cast his thought in sentences of such matter-of-fact lucidity as Butler's.

We are thus brought to the question: what is the value of his scientific writing and what place, if any, does he hold in science? Professor Hartog, in the introduction he wrote for *Unconscious Memory*, suggested that Butler was of use to science in that he forcibly opened, to some extent, the minds of the overly professional. By his colloquial brilliance and powers as an expositor and analyst he kept alive more than one reputation, and maintained the ever necessary opposition. In other words, Butler will possibly be mentioned in the histories of nineteenth-century biology.

Of all his scientific writings, *Life and Habit* is the most interesting as well as the chief work. It is an unusual and highly personal study, but is badly constructed and does not appeal to the general reader. Many books as worthy as this one have long since disappeared, or have been read since their time by only a few men in each succeeding generation.

But the tenor of Butler's mind is clear. While we have all his books before us we cannot but be aware of the man who reiterates, "What is the nature of this, and is this for me, and am I to believe this other?" Butler disregarded nothing. And of all the subjects he examined, religion is the only one he never quite succeeded in disposing of. He thought he had destroyed the Christian religion in *The Fair Haven*; but years, in passing, found him still working out the sacred puzzle of "what is it to be a true Christian?" and that of "what is true, one means to say, pure, religion?"—and he even invented a special brand of pantheism which was not to be called pantheism.

Of more immediate importance is the fact that his arguments are sometimes good only in themselves. They are good performances so long as one keeps one's eye on their single line of reasoning, for he follows his own train of thought with logic as well as humor. Like most reasoners and all sophists, he disregards exactly that other point of view, that other road which, if taken, would prove to be the legitimate continuation of the highway, and would set him down at the wrong inn for supper.

A good example of this proclivity is to be seen in the essay "Thought and Language," where he cleverly shows Max Müller to be wrong in saying there is no thought without language. Butler proves that language is nothing if not a means of communication, and goes on to show that it is not the only one. Here follow instances which include the social life of animals, human gestures, music, and so on. But the thing communicated—is it only *thought*? This question is not asked. For Butler eludes the point of difference between an idea and an emotion; between a simple propulsion to action and an argument for action.

We may have come, here, upon an actual flaw, upon the cause of a weakness in the architecture of his work. It may be found that he preferred juggling with ideas, one, two, three at a time, and had

a distaste for seeing them lie quiet and fixed in a pattern, as the harmonious foundations of a house.

There is no possibility of mistaking *Alps and Sanctuaries* as the work of an architect, or of anyone with more than half an eye for composition. This book is an unconscionable mixture of perceptiveness, digressiveness, cussedness, slovenliness, and originality. No doubt it is a more or less direct product of that worship of the self, that exaltation of personality, which Butler shared with the anointed of the new age. Esthetics were constrained to join all the antique canons, the *Arts poétiques*, the laws of rhetoric, on the high shelf reserved for artificial, deadening, cast-off things. As he said in *The Authoress of the Odyssey*, "It is not the outward and visible signs of what we read, see, or hear, in any work, that brings us to its feet in prostration of gratitude and affection; what really stirs us is the communion with the still living mind of the man or woman to whom we owe it, and the conviction that that mind is as we would have our own to be. All else is mere clothes and grammar."

Even in his "creative" work the mind stalks about, bare of accoutrements. For this reason, *The Way of All Flesh* seems, in the lists of literature, more and more defenseless as time goes on. It is not so much a novel as a piece of fictional didacticism. Hence there are, inevitably (and above all, it must be said, in the beginning of the book which sets forth the important ideas), tedious spots where paradoxes and exciting free thoughts are aired, most of which have by now become mere soporific platitudes. The adventures of Ernest are still amusing, however, and are likely to continue for some time to interest readers who feel they have something in common with him. But the tale is hollow; its action is maneuvered at will by Butler, who sends bad or good luck to support conclusions that were already drawn in his head before ever Ernest was thought of. The minds and lives of the principal characters have their being outside the characters themselves, who have no freedom of will and therefore are dummies. To return to the material of which the book is made: some of Butler's moralizations are still fresh enough, and of no little value: "I should like to see children taught that they should not say they like things which they do not like, merely because certain other people say they like them, and how foolish it is to say they believe this or that when they understand nothing about it."

An observation of this kind is still worth making, for all its astounding simplicity. And Butler is full of such obvious remarks, which are rarely found in print because people are too smug to think it necessary to print them. Finally, laying aside the weaknesses and overemphasis in *The Way of All Flesh*, it may be said that certain spices keep sweet the body of the work. One remembers Christina, prepared for an ultimate martyrdom by fire, crying in forgetfulness of self, "O Lord, spare my Theobald, or grant that he may be be-headed." On the whole, Butler is saved from petty obstinacy by a sense of humor and by the gift, in a pinch, of seeming to tell the truth.

While *The Way of All Flesh*, as a novel, is noted for its satire, the satires *Erewhon* and *Erewhon Revisited* must be compared, and not entirely to their advantage, with the great books of their kind. In the first place, Butler was, like any satirist, able by means of complicated paradoxes to throw a shameless light on the world as we try not to know it. He was fond, though, of elaborating his paradoxes until they seemed mere fantasy with little relation to either life or satire. He was concerned largely with temporal matters, with the problems of England in his day; apparently he thought and felt most about everyday existence; but at any rate he seldom referred to what is constant in human life. He touched not on the appetites of men, but rather on methods of feeding. Greed, cruelty, love, lust, death—these things, in their bitter essences, are not revealed in *Erewhon*. Butler's empire was a small and transient one. Occasionally he sniffed, as they traveled upon the wind, traces of the whole history of man; then he described them to us with urbane and unapologetic honesty. ". . . property is robbery, but then, we are all robbers or would-be robbers together, and have found it essential to organise our thieving, as we have found it necessary to organise our lust and our revenge." Here is timeless irony, and as such it is uncommon. It is delivered with his customary casualness, if with more than usual finesse. Butler never denounced. He never offered plans for a new order. His hard facts were not followed by either disgust or compassion. Deficient in wrath, he had grudges rather than passions; he growled but he never thundered. He pricked his adversaries and often drew blood, but he rarely ran them through. Now this is all very well in itself. But if Butler is stood

up beside two other satirists of admitted greatness, it is observed that he lacks the following: the light touch, the formal balance, and the sense of human values of Voltaire; the power and depth of Swift. It is also apparent that he wants the indignation common to both of them, as well as their mastery of prose.

Now Butler was accustomed to record in his notebooks everything that in occurring to him seemed for any reason worthy of preservation. This fact unexpectedly seems to give some support to the objection that his scope as a satirist was small. For the notebook habit results at times in an effect of poverty. The same ideas are expressed and reexpressed in different books. But though general ideas admit of variation, impressions do not. Thus in both *The Way of All Flesh* and *Erewhon Revisited*, someone is attracted to someone else by the way that person has of putting on his gloves. If this is poverty our conception of Butler is increasingly narrowed, and he appears more and more an eccentric and less and less a genius.

But in spite of a few actual repetitions Butler has a great many things to say. It is his emotional and his artistic powers that are obviously limited.

The *Note-Books* are a mine from which he draws his principal themes, and while all his other books contain much that is new, they are essentially a compound set of variations. Here are subjects that recur again and again:

- (1) Handel
- (2) The Authoress of the Odyssey
- (3) The Importance of the Man Behind the Work of Art
- (4) The Continuation of Identity after Death, in the Form of a Physical If Not a Spiritual Inheritance
- (5) The Well-Bred, Well-Fed Man as Nature's Masterpiece
- (6) Parent versus Child
- (7) We Assimilate What We Want and What We Love
- (8) We Cannot Put All We Think into Words.

In this way his works are interrelated. They flow out of the *Note-Books* and back into them again. And as no one of his books is strong enough to stand by itself were there no others, so all of them together fall short of being an edifice. The reason for their continued existence, the reason for the uneven glow of life in them is this, that they contain the mind of a man who had things to say. All

we have of Butler that counts is his work; now, the two being one, there is neither master nor masterpiece. The work of Samuel Butler is finished neither in part nor as a whole; it is a fugue that breaks off in the middle.

What, then, is left?

Our critics and amateur philosophers are embalmed, like our poets, in the fluid of their phrases. To make or shake a world is usually to live on, at least as a myth; but if the man is no titan he needs a preservative, spun out of himself, and woven round him in a shining armor. It is unfortunate that Butler was contemptuous of style; he said he had taken no pains with his own, and hoped merely that he had learned to write in a clear and straightforward manner. At his best he does write in this way, and that is an achievement. But his not taking pains in the first place to polish his sentences, left the way open to clumsiness and often to an offensive diction. It is indeed not easy to misunderstand the man. One is not often impelled, however, to remember the way he phrased his meaning. That is too bad, for the words, of course, in their exact disposition, completely embody the sense. Again, nobody would expect Butler to leave behind him a legacy of exquisite sentences; for he is by no means an elegant writer, only a man who tells, prosaically, what he thinks about things—and so on. Yet this man, who left behind him a huge notebook full of fragments, is revealed as no true writer of aphorisms; he is not often gnomic. In fact, he is not a very quotable writer. And it is more than possible that, because his words are not sweetly cast for tongue and ear, he will be forgotten in no long time by all but the antiquarian.

What remains is a dry light. But the light came from an individual. And the question is, in the debacle of individualism, can these thoughts, unarmed and so plainly clothed, survive the imminent exile?

## AN IDLER'S KINGDOM

BENJAMIN SLEDD

WADE'S OLD FIELD," so the neighbors call my kingdom; and this appellation proves what was hinted long ago by a certain poet, that really there is nothing in a name. For my kingdom is not a field at all; nor ever since the making of earth, had this spot served mankind in any way, until it was discovered and, with none to dispute, claimed by an Idler as peculiarly his own. And for such use alone could it have been created. The soil is unfruitful, and is covered with a dense growth of pine and of laurel, "ivy" my neighbors call it, which here and there even the nimble hares find it difficult to penetrate. It is said, however, that long ago my kingdom, closed as it is now so jealously against the vulgar world, did indeed suffer a highway to pass through its confines. But of this servitude not a trace remains today, only here and there a little dell fringed with laurel, and cool and secret enough for the virgin rites of Diana.

My kingdom is dearer for being almost wholly free from vicissitudes of time and season. Such decay as there may be, is so gradual that it passes imperceptibly into new life; and my pines and laurels, knowing neither winter nor summer, shape themselves to meet any exigency that nature, capricious and indifferent as she is, may create. In summer there are cool hiding places where no sunbeam may enter; in winter warm sunny nooks impervious alike to the subtle snow and the insinuating wind. Diogenes would have given up his tub to lie with me in the winter sunshine on a heap of pine-straw and listen in secluded comfort and quiet to the blustering northwester from which all the rest of the world is vainly seeking shelter. But changes there are indeed, and these are all the sweeter and more beautiful for their unobtrusiveness.

Here I pass my time as becomes one who is not only the ruler of a realm but is also a philosopher. I read, write, or meditate as the humor moves me. Much of my time, as should be, is given to receiving deputations of my subjects, or solitary petitioners. Some score of ants and birds come regularly to receive their morning largess of crumbs. Of these I love most a little brown-winged bird, to whom I have given the place of Chief Musician. His store of



music is not varied—only a few notes, but these are clear, liquid, and inexpressibly sweet. I find most trouble in winning allegiance and love from the hares, the least domestic of my subjects. My efforts in this direction, however, have not been entirely without fruit. One of these shy creatures, which makes its burrow near, has grown reconciled in a measure to my dominion, so strong is the power of habit, and the attraction of a dainty morsel found daily under a certain cluster of laurel. And now my timid subject visits me regularly and has given me many hours of entertainment with his droll, cunning ways. At first I hear a tripping in the leaves, as light almost as the tread of the south wind; then a little grey elfish shape starts into life among the shadows from which it can hardly be distinguished. At sight of me the creature rises erect on its haunches in mingled terror and curiosity, and gazes sidewise, uttering a low whistling sound. If I make the slightest movement, there is a scurry of nimble little feet, a flash of white, and my timid pensioner vanishes for the day.

Pilgrims, too, there are in my kingdom; and chief among these are some vagabond cattle, those ill-used gypsies of the farm. Cruelty has taught them many ways of cunning. Particularly have they learned the art of self-concealment. Sometimes I am fairly startled to find their large dark eyes watching me from leafy hiding places. Most of these cattle wear bells, but so skillfully have they learned to use these badges of vagrancy that there is a sort of ventriloquism in the sound, which makes it difficult to locate. Positively I have often thought one of these bells miles away when it was hidden only a few feet distant among the laurel.

These creatures, which I have called the pilgrims of my kingdom, are at first very shy; but finding that I mean them no harm, they grow trustful and companionable after a few visits, and even approach to accept handfuls of grass. Oftentimes, after the manner of loyal subjects, they contend stoutly for these poor favors of royalty. However, even loyalty and devotion grow troublesome when subjects insist on taking their noonday nap in the very midst of the palace.

These little joys, making up the charm of life in my kingdom, are all the sweeter that they are of my own discovery, and are unknown to the world. They cannot be appreciated, or even understood, by one who has seen many lands and lived in many places.

For the spirits who keep watch over the mysteries of nature are just, and reveal these things to him alone whose eye is unprofaned by vulgar curiosity, whose heart is untainted by meaner pleasures, and, above all, whose presence has grown familiar and welcome. Such favor has been mine this very day—a calm, warm autumn day. It was in the dry bed of a stream where the pines had showered down their soft needles and hidden all traces of the water's doing. Some fallen leaves were flitting about in the subdued light of the little glen, like spirits of summer hiding from the keen glances of autumn; and this humble vision—it was a vision, for it lasted but a moment—seemed to be that nameless something that I had sought for in vain in the promises of spring and the bounties of summer.

But my kingdom is mine only by day. By night it becomes strange and mysterious, and I forsake it with the first hint of twilight. Once I was tempted to return after dark for my Tennyson, the daily companion of my idle life and the dearest of my possessions, which I had forgotten in the precipitancy of departure, having lingered beyond my rightful period of dominion. Everything was changed. My secret entrance seemed to have removed from its place, and was to be found only after much seeking. Once within, I discovered my loyal subjects strangely transformed. Familiar clumps of laurel beneath which I had lain a few hours ago were grown into monstrous, grotesque shapes; uncanny sounds were at my ear; and a thousand invisible horrors seemed gathering to withstand me. Even the thought of losing my darling book could tempt me no further; and I turned and fled, leaving behind me the laurel swaying and tittering.

This irreverence I rebuked on my return next morning, by assuming an air of severe dignity; but I have taken care never again to put myself into a predicament so trying to royalty.

One circumstance, however, consoled me in this temporary disgrace, proving, as it did, what I long had believed in secret, namely that in my kingdom are beings whose existence and presence tease and elude the senses—

Faery elves,  
Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side  
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees.

For when I returned next morning my Tennyson was not indeed stolen away, but certainly removed from where I remembered to have left it. It was lying half-hidden under a wild-rose bush in a secluded nook, and on picking it up I found it open at those marvelous lines in which the innocent maid prates of the spirit-world to the guilty Queen:

The flickering fairy-circle wheeled and broke  
Flying, and linked again, and wheeled and broke  
Flying, for all the land was full of life.

Surely it seemed my invisible little subjects had seized upon the book and had been reading of their ancestors' doings in that good old time beyond the Sea. It lies before me now, with not a page but is marked by the fingerprints of a boy's hand, and its once beautiful cover of blue and gold tarnished and worn, the golden link that through all space and for all time, binds me to my Idler's Kingdom.

## SEAN O'CASEY

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE

THE CAREER of Sean O'Casey offers a puzzling problem to criticism. The vividness and brilliance of his early plays, *The Shadow of a Gunman*, *Juno and the Paycock*, and *The Plough and the Stars*, all produced within the years 1923-26, dazzled the critics. In 1927 Professor Cunliffe, for instance, could write: "Sean O'Casey is the greatest discovery since the war, not merely of the Abbey Theatre but of the European drama. He has not only brought upon the stage a new kind of life—the life of the Dublin slums—but he has used that life in such a way as to create a new form of art." If this is true, Mr. O'Casey promptly deserted the new form; his later plays, *The Silver Tassie* and *Within the Gates*, are not only different in kind from the earlier ones, but are distinctly inferior in quality. The fact of this change is obvious, and its nature can be pretty sharply defined. Its causes are not so easily determined, but at least there is a basis for plausible conjecture. Its significance in his career must be left for the future to reveal.

Mr. O'Casey's sudden rise to fame was not that of a youthful or precocious writer. Born and brought up in the Dublin slums, perhaps the most depressing in the English-speaking world, handicapped as a child by the weakness of his eyes and by bitter poverty, he had no formal education and did not learn to read till he was twelve; but he became a graduate of the university of hard knocks. For years he was a day laborer, doing miscellaneous rough work such as carrying hods for a bricklayer and breaking stone on the roads. From his thirteenth year he was an eager reader, and especially a lover of Shakespeare, spending the little spare time and money he could find on books and the theater. He became active in the labor movement; he began to write articles and verse for newspapers and magazines. He joined the Irish Citizen Army and was elected secretary of its governing committee. He took part in the Easter Rebellion, narrowly escaped being shot as a sniper by British soldiers, and wrote *The Story of the Irish Citizen Army*, his first book. He also tried his hand at plays, which the Abbey Theatre rejected. "Educa-

tion," he once said, "is a terrible drawback to a dramatist—I mean the sort of primary and secondary education we get in Ireland. You can see from the way my plays are written I never went to school." But he had the only sort of education that would enable a man to write *Juno and the Paycock* and *The Plough and the Stars*.

One can form an idea of the quality of Mr. O'Casey's early writing from some of the verse he has chosen to preserve in *Windfalls* and from the little book on the Irish Citizen Army. The verse has a curiously eighteenth-century flavor; the poems are suggestive now of Gray, now of Burns.

Pale superstition paints her waning face  
With gaudy hue.

O Force eternal, Power divine,  
By whom men live and planets shine,  
With blessing bless this girl of mine,  
My gentle winsome Mary!

A favorable example is this stanza, from the too long lyric entitled "A Walk with Eros":

The chestnut blooms, like waxen lights,  
On Nature's altar shone,  
Till Spring's full choir had sung their hymn,  
Had paused and pass'd and gone;  
Then Time, with steady hand, these lights  
Extinguish'd one by one.

(Mr. O'Casey liked this figure, for he used it again in *The Irish Citizen Army*: "The tall chestnut trees whose waxy blooms, like fat and fairy candles, now 'gan to pale their diminished fire.") The poems are full of personifications; we meet Beauty, Honor, Certainty, Doubt, as well as Nature, Time, and the Seasons. The style is rhetorical and rather lush: the poet is overflowing with enthusiasm for the beauties of nature and of the girl. Occasionally he strikes out a good image or line, but in general he is amateurish, and he does not seem to know the difference between fresh and stereotyped phrase. *The Story of the Irish Citizen Army* oddly combines a comparatively objective and straightforward narrative with rhetorical flights like this:

The disappearing Artist Sun had boldly brushed the skies with bold lines of orange and crimson, and delicate shades of yellow and green, bordered with dusky shadows of darkening blue, which seemed to symbolize the glow of determination, the delicate hues of hope, and the bordering shades of restless anxiety that coloured the hearts and thoughts of the waiting, watching masses of men that stood silently beneath the oriental-coloured panoply of the sky.

Fortunately most of the book is not written in this style, but a good deal is overwritten, and every now and then the author turns loose one of these gushing rhapsodies. Incidentally, he quotes Burns and Gray at different points in the narrative.

How could a man who wrote as abominably as this when he was thirty-four have written *The Shadow of a Gunman* five years later? One answer is that because of his late beginning Mr. O'Casey in 1918 was still an inexperienced writer; in the succeeding years he worked hard at the dramatic form. Another is that in his realistic plays he was no longer trying to be literary and eloquent; he reverted to his native Irish-English vernacular in which he was thoroughly at home. It is true that in *The Shadow of a Gunman* he gives to Donal Devoren the poet some of his own stanzas: but Devoren is treated objectively and ironically. *The Shadow of a Gunman* is not a great tragedy; strictly speaking, it is not a tragedy at all. Minnie Powell, whose death gives climax and point to the play, is not the central figure, not the heroine: there is no hero or heroine. Minnie is merely a girl with whom Devoren has had a slight flirtation, and who, thinking him a patriot and a revolutionary, risks and loses her life to save him. Her death underlines the cowardice of the poet and his roommate Shields, who are content to save their own skins at her expense. Neither of them cares a straw for the revolution, but Devoren has been willing to be regarded as an influential member of the Republican army, with which he has no connection, because he thus gains prestige in the eyes of the tenement dwellers. The interest of the play depends on the racy humor of the dialogue, and upon the satiric characterization of Devoren and Shields; Minnie's death is only a final savage thrust of the satiric dagger.

It was *Juno and the Paycock* that seemed to the critics to exemplify a new dramatic form: at all events, it clearly announced the arrival of a new Irish playwright of genius. In form it is a realistic

tragicomedy of tenement life. Tragicomedy has not usually been realistic, and it has always emphasized one element and subordinated the other, generally using the comedy as "relief" in scenes by itself. The new traits of *Juno and the Paycock* were the intimate interweaving of the two elements throughout the play, and the almost equal emphasis on them. Juno herself is a genuinely tragic figure, and at the end of the play a profoundly moving one: Captain Boyle is uproariously and irresistibly comic, in the convivial tradition of Falstaff and Simon Eyre and Tony Lumpkin. It is as if Sir Toby Belch had been married to Jane Clegg. When you read the play, it seems an exception to the sound old principle that if two men ride one horse, one must ride behind; the tragic and comic persons are both so intensely alive that neither obscures the other. But in the theater, no matter how well Juno is acted, the Paycock, if played equally well, dominates the story. This must, I think, have been Mr. O'Casey's intention, for at the end, after the great tragic speech of Juno, the drunken Paycock and Joxer stagger in, and in the broadly comic scene that follows it is the Paycock who has the last word: "I'm telling you, Joxer, th' whole worl' 's in a terrible state of chassis!" The undertone of irony does not check the laughter of the audience. They enjoy the Paycock so hugely that they have not much time to pity Juno.

The other characters are all minor, but only one of them, Charlie Bentham, is a mere lay figure. He is the peg upon which the plot was hung. Joxer is a highly individual variation of the old parasite type, an ideal stooge for the Paycock. Mrs. Madigan and "Needle" Nugent are good minor comics; they serve as background for Captain Boyle and Joxer as Mrs. Tancred and Johnny for Juno. With Mrs. Tancred, the woman whose son Johnny has betrayed, the tragic note enters. Johnny himself, the broken and querulous coward, is a painful figure, a kind of grim comment on the seeming futility of the struggle for an independent Ireland. As Juno puts it, "Ah, what can God do against the stupidity of men!" But it is the Paycock who remains most vividly in our memories, with his "I never heard him usin' a curse, I don't believe he was ever dhrunk in his life—sure he's not like a Christian at all!" and his "Tisn't Juno should be her pet name at all, but Deirdre of the Sorras, for she's always grousin'."

*The Plough and the Stars* follows the general formula of *Juno*



and the Paycock, but its final effect is different because it includes no great humorous character like Captain Boyle, and indeed has no central figures. The squabbles in the barroom between Fluther Good and the Covey and between Bessie Burgess and Mrs. Grogan are in the spirit of the broadest low comedy: the row between the women runs very close to farce. Yet this same Bessie Burgess, who is loud-mouthed, coarsely abusive, and a thief, shows courage in her defiance of the Catholic Nationalists, and real heroism in her devotion to the half-insane Nora, whom she has previously disliked and tormented. She is perhaps the most vividly drawn figure in the play. Her death, like that of Minnie Powell in *The Shadow of a Gunman*, is in a sense an accidental result of her attempt to save another person; but it is more nearly tragic in effect because she is a more interesting character, whom we have come to know well. In the serious part of the play we see as much of Jack and Nora Clitheroe as of anyone; but Nora is purely pathetic and Jack is weak and rather conventional. Of the comic characters Fluther Good is the most fully developed, but he lacks the rich humor and gusto of the Paycock, and never dominates the story. Peter Flynn and the young Covey are types of satiric comedy—the old fool vain of his uniform and the one-idea'd young Communist, always bitterly quarreling. It is to two minor characters, Mrs. Grogan the charwoman and Rosie Redmond the girl of the streets, that Mr. O'Casey gives his best gift of humorous phrase. It was Rosie's speech which provoked the riot in the Abbey Theatre on the first night of the play. She is drinking whiskey in a barroom on the night of the Easter rising, when the barkeep says to her, "Nothin' much doin' in your line tonight, Rosie?" and she answers, "Curse o' God on th' haporth, hardly, Tom. There isn't much notice taken of a pretty petticoat of a night like this. They're all in a holy mood. The' solemn-lookin' dials on th' whole o' them an' they marchin' to th' meetin'. You'd think they were th' glorious company of th' saints an' th' noble army of martyrs thrampin' through th' streets of Paradise. They're all thinkin' of higher things than a girl's garthers." The scene that follows is reminiscent in its comic gusto of the tavern scenes in *Henry IV* and of Burns's "Jolly Beggars." As the drinking and quarreling go on, and Rosie makes her finally successful attempts to pick up a man, the audience hears at intervals fragments of the impassioned speech of an orator on a plat-

form outside the window, expatiating on the glories of war and bloodshed, and the grandeur of dying for Ireland; and the comic values of the scene are intensified by irony.

The tragic or pathetic elements in the play are of two kinds. In Bessie Burgess and Mrs. Grogan and her sickly daughter Mollser we see what might be called the normally wretched aspects of slum life, the poverty, the overwork of the women, the malnutrition and ravages of consumption in the children. (It is characteristic of Mr. O'Casey that he also uses the first two of these characters to create the most farcical incident in the barroom scene; so closely does he dovetail the comic and the tragic.) In the deaths of Jack Clitheroe and Lanyon, in the premature birth and the death of Nora's child, in Nora's mental breakdown and in the half-accidental shooting of Bessie Burgess we have the tragic results of human stupidity on both sides in the rebellion. None of these events is tragic in the strict sense: there is no great character struggling against destiny. Jack Clitheroe is no hero: he has resigned from the Citizens' Army because he was not made an officer, and returns to it out of vanity just in time to meet his death in the rebellion. A group of little people, likable enough but far from heroic, are caught in the toils and struck down. Partly through the accumulation of disastrous incidents, Mr. O'Casey contrives to give the impression of a malignant impersonal force which destroys them; and it is this which gives to the play an air of tragedy. It is a sort of pageant of hopeless revolution against the grimy background of the slums.

There is not a trace of propaganda in the play. Captain Brennan of the Citizens' Army is a fine and likable fellow: the British Tommies who shoot Bessie Burgess, mistaking her for a sniper, are callous but not brutal, and are clearly the mere instruments of a power they do not understand. Mr. O'Casey's sympathies are on the whole with the women, even with Nora's blind clinging to her husband. If the play has any moral, it is "What fools these mortals be!" spoken not in the spirit of Puck, but in that of Lear's Fool.

These powerful and original plays would have made the reputation of any dramatist. They established Mr. O'Casey's, and his fame still rests largely upon them. In the fifteen years that have passed since *The Plough and the Stars*, he has produced only two full-length plays, and apart from them, a handful of short pieces in prose

and verse, printed in *Windfalls*, and a small volume of opinions about the drama. For a writer at the height of his powers, it is a disappointingly slight harvest; and the disappointment becomes greater when we examine the longer plays.

In *The Silver Tassie* (produced in 1927) Mr. O'Casey experimented with a dramatic method new to him. The first act gives us one of the author's realistic tenement house groups—the Heegans, Simon Norton, the Forans—and some admirable talk from Sylvester Heegan and Simon Norton. But there is one character, Susie Morrison, who with her solemn evangelistic speeches and her mechanical behavior oddly suggests an automaton. ("I always get a curious, sickenin' feelin', Simon," says Sylvester, "when I hear the Name of the Supreme Bein' tossed into the quietness of a sensible conversation.") Susie is in effect a "humour" character, and one begins to fear that she may be meant to be symbolic of something or other. In the second act the play goes expressionistic: the scene is a Red Cross station in a ruined monastery somewhere in the war zone, and the persons are nameless marionettes, First Soldier, Second Soldier, First Stretcher-bearer, etc. Realism almost disappears; the dialogue is written largely in bad verse, and laboriously stylized. The third and fourth acts are chiefly realistic; the scenes in a hospital and in a dance hall show us the wreckage of war in the broken lives of some of the younger characters. Unfortunately the edge of Mr. O'Casey's observation is blunted by his pacifist purpose. Only the comments of Simon and Sylvester, who serve as a sort of chorus but whose presence as patients in the hospital is unexplained, give some savor to this latter part of the play. There is more bad verse in the songs, contrasting painfully with Burns's famous song which is sung in the first act and gives the play its title. If you are going to use a Burns song, it is wiser not to include any of your own.

It is easy to see why the Abbey Theatre refused the play. It is an unsuccessful attempt to combine realism with expressionism, somewhat in the manner of Eugene O'Neill, whom Mr. O'Casey greatly admires. The characters, instead of being sharply individualized as in the earlier plays, tend to become types, the dialogue has lost much of its salty humor, and the play as a whole lacks drive. It was produced in London, and was generously praised by Mr. Shaw and others; but its rejection by the Abbey rankled in Mr. O'Casey's

mind, and, as he tells us, "to get rid of some of the bitterness that swept into me" he turned to prose narrative. In *Windfalls* he includes three short tales written at this time, "I Wanna Woman," "The Star-Jazzer" and "The Job." They proved that he could do well in fiction the same sort of thing he did in his first three plays. All the stories have a hard-bitten and sharp reality; all of them are tales of frustration in humble life. Incidentally they show unusual skill in the use of the stream-of-consciousness method. A fourth tale, "A Fall in a Gentle Wind," has for its heroine the consumptive girl Mollser, who appears in *The Plough and the Stars*: its theme is her despair when she is carried off from the wretched tenement she calls home to die in the Hospice. The two one-act plays in *Windfalls*, "The End of the Beginning" and "A Pound on Demand," are light farcical pieces in the tradition of Lady Gregory and Seumas O'Brien.

Finally, in *Within the Gates* (1933), Mr. O'Casey uses more consistently in a full-length play the method with which he had experimented in Act II of *The Silver Tassie*. The play is a sort of modern morality: all the characters are typical or representative, and the central ones, the Bishop and the Young Whore, are definitely symbolic. The Bishop stands for formal religion, with its respectability, its hypocrisy, its shallow good intentions, and its futility; the Young Whore for youth with its craving for happiness, its passions of the flesh, and its aspirations of the spirit. The play is a sort of symbolic vision of modern city life as it might stream past a spectator in a park; it is also an indictment of modern Christianity for its failure to understand and grapple with real problems. Dramatically it is held together by the story of the Young Whore and her relations with the Bishop (her real father), her drunken mother, the Gardener, and the Dreamer. Realism has disappeared, except in some parts of the dialogue; other parts are in rather second-rate verse, meant to be sung or intoned, or in rhythmic prose which is too near to verse. The play is sincere in feeling and at times moving through its sincerity. It is also interesting and challenging in design, but the design requires a mastery of poetic style which is beyond the author's powers. The verse is turgid and repetitious; and its eloquence is often bombast. Instead of giving intensity to the emotional moments of the play, it relaxes tension. There is far too much argument between First and Second Platform Speakers, and between

men who are distinguished only by wearing different kinds of hats. In one tiresome expanse of the final scene there are twenty-six pages of this, which have no conceivable dramatic value except as background, and we have too much background already. The best parts of the dialogue are in the cockney talk of the park attendants, the nursemaids, the gardener and others: but Mr. O'Casey's cockney is a little self-conscious and labored. He is not at ease in it as he is in the Dublin vernacular.

How are we to account for the scanty product of these last fifteen years and for its relative inferiority? The obvious explanation is probably at least partly right. After *The Plough and the Stars* Mr. O'Casey moved to England. He lived at Chalfont St. Giles, the pretty village in Buckinghamshire where Milton took refuge from the plague, and in London. He cut himself off from his own country and from the scenes which he had portrayed with such amazing vitality and brilliance. He perhaps felt under some obligation to justify such remarks as that he was "the greatest discovery since the war, not merely of the Abbey Theatre, but of the European drama." Perhaps he was a little weary of realism and of the Dublin tenements. At the same time he fell under the influence of Eugene O'Neill, and was fascinated by O'Neill's quest for the universal.

Interesting evidence on these last points may be found in the little book called *The Flying Wasp*, a collection of rather miscellaneous essays and reflections on the theater. Its chief motive seems to have been to dust the jackets of James Agate and Noel Coward; Mr. O'Casey had quarreled with Agate over the latter's praise of Coward and was angry at Agate's condemnation of *Within the Gates*. He freed his mind pretty completely about people he disliked, and lambasted the critics generally and in the person of Mr. Agate. The chief significance of the book with regard to the author's own work, however, is in its attacks on realism and its defense of experiment in the direction of symbolism and poetic drama. Mr. O'Casey takes a fall out of William Archer as the champion of realism, and another out of St. John Ervine as a critic. He praises rather indiscriminately *Noah* and *Murder in the Cathedral*; he admires Strindberg's *The Dream Play*; he expresses again and again his enthusiasm for O'Neill. The note prefixed to *Within the Gates* acknowledges that the suggestion for a symbolic front curtain came

from O'Neill's front curtain "for his great play, *Mourning Becomes Electra*," and the dialogue and the stage directions are full of O'Neill echoes.

In "The Green Goddess of Realism," which is the most significant essay in *The Flying Wasp*, Mr. O'Casey renounces realism thus: "This rage for real, real life on the stage has taken all the life out of the drama. . . . The beauty, fire, and poetry of drama have perished in the storm of fake realism. . . . Let us have the make-believe of the artist and the child in the theatre. Less of what the critics call 'life,' and more of symbolism. . . . It seems that the closer we move to actual life, the further we move away from the drama. Drama purely imitative of life isn't drama at all." To what extent this attitude is motivated by a desire to defend *Within the Gates* it is difficult to be sure; Mr. O'Casey is clearly on the defensive in the book, even when he is making vigorous counterattacks. But he is also expressing a mood of the time-spirit, and there is a good deal of truth for the time in what he says. Unfortunately it is not the aspect of truth which favors his creative genius. The verse and the poetical prose of his latest plays, added to the evidence of his earlier verse, make it almost certain that he will never be better than a second- or third-rate poet. He is not likely, at fifty-four, to become a master of poetic style. His talent is not for symbolism, but for individual characterization, for clear-cut realism, and for broad humor. The only idiom of which he has shown himself a master is his native Dublin speech.

It is therefore earnestly to be hoped that these later plays will represent no more than an experimental interlude in Mr. O'Casey's career; that having had his fling at symbolism he will stop trying to be universal, and return to his own country and to the great work which he can do better than any other living man. He would do well to remember that of two of his favorite poets, Burns and Whitman, Burns is far more nearly universal in his appeal, not the Burns who tried to write "serious" poetry in the literary English of his day, but the Burns who wrote of his own people in their own tongue. *Juno and the Paycock* has already reached a far wider audience than *Within the Gates* is likely to reach.

## ON SCHOLARSHIP AND SOUTHERN LITERATURE

GUY A. CARDWELL, JR.

IT OCCURS to me that the very title of this essay—"On Scholarship and Southern Literature"—forces me at once into a characteristic if involuntary Southern posture, namely, one of defense. In literary matters, this defensive posture was, for a time, typical of America as a whole; but nearly a century after we, as Americans, could afford to smile indulgently at Sydney Smith's query, Who reads an American book?, we were obliged as Southerners to disprove in angry rejoinders the implications of Henry Mencken's portrait of the South as the "Sahara of the Bozart." Mencken, of course, was belittling the barbarous New South; but other authorities have chosen to be disagreeably apathetic to the literature of the Old South, too. For instance, few books on literature have so stirred up sectional resentment (and that by defects of omission, not of commission) as did Griswold's *The Poets and Poetry of America* (1842) and Barrett Wendell's *A Literary History of America* (1900).

A display of indifference towards early Southern literature by Northern editors is hardly surprising, and one cannot be disturbed for long by a "slashing" attack on modern Southern culture when the attack is delivered by the Bad Boy of American criticism. But one must be concerned when brilliant spokesmen for a widely scattered, yet close-knit and influential, bloc of belligerent Southerners intimate that they have given up the literature of the Old South as unworthy of defense. This is betrayal from within the citadel.

Briefly, the situation appears to be about as follows. The Southern Agrarians, having adopted the notion that Griswold and Wendell were unfortunately right, are willing to confess quietly that the South had no literature of importance before; let us say, the publication of Mr. Stark Young's excellent but not epochal *Heaven Trees*. This lack of literature in the Old South does not matter very much. A "way of life" is, after all, the important and admirable thing. This point of view—somewhat masked—finds expression in Mr. Donald Davidson's chapter, "A Mirror for Artists," in the original



Agrarian manifesto, *I'll Take My Stand*. A summary hardly does justice to the intricacy of Mr. Davidson's reasoning, but one may attempt to present the essence of the pertinent passages. Mr. Davidson says that agrarian conditions of life in the South were and are favorable to the arts. The South of the past did not produce much "great" art but neither did the rest of America. At least Southerners were not so foolish as to excite themselves over Emerson's and Whitman's idea that an independent country ought to originate an independent art. Mr. Davidson refers also (rather vaguely and somewhat condescendingly, it seems to me) to "the impassioned scholars who are busily resurrecting Chivers, Kennedy, Byrd, Longstreet, Sut Lovengood [*sic*], and such minor persons, in their rediscovery of American literature," and says that these scholars "will presently also get around again to Cooke, Page, Cable, Allen, and the like." Mr. Young, who also contributed to *I'll Take My Stand*, comes more directly to the point in the Preface to his anthology, *Southern Treasury of Life and Literature*. Here he states flatly that the Southern past has not been fully expressed in literature. The Old South is admirable because it "discovered to a considerable extent a definite pattern of civilization." That the South produced no literature of importance is a matter of little concern as "culturally it is narrow, vulgar or primitive to judge a society merely by the art it produces."

I think that literary historians must see the need for rejecting this easy glorification of a "pattern of civilization" at the expense of the literature of the Old South. The defense of our early Southern literature has literally just begun. The Old South did have a literature, whatever its merits and whether or not it adequately expressed the life of the region. Much of that literature has not yet been collected, catalogued, analyzed, and interpreted. Some of it which is worth preserving has not yet been printed. If I may hazard an opinion, I believe that the South has a literary past the extent and meaning of which neither I nor Mr. Young nor Mr. Davidson can do more than hint at until scholarship has accomplished at least part of its task.

## II

The opinion that scholarship has just begun its task may be fortified by surveying the important existing studies in Southern literature.

Fugitive essays of some critical merit on figures of local importance may be discovered at least as early as the first quarter of the nineteenth century. A little later, rather careful critical studies were attempted. Hugh Swinton Legaré, for instance, unrestrained by the shibboleth *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, prepared an astute estimate of the importance of a fellow Charlestonian, William Crafts. Just before the Civil War and shortly after it, periodicals with strong regional sympathies printed a number of essays (most of them uncritical appreciations) on Southern writers and Southern letters. For example, Henry Timrod, Paul Hamilton Hayne, H. H. Caldwell, and William Gilmore Simms contributed essays of this sort before the war to *Russell's Magazine*. After the war, Essie B. Cheesborough contributed brief sketches of "Female Writers" to *The Land We Love* (1867); William Gilmore Simms prepared a gallery of portraits for *The XIX Century* (1869-1870); James Wood Davidson printed the series of "critiques" which he later used in his *Living Writers of the South* (1869); and Paul Hamilton Hayne contributed a series of articles to *The Southern Bivouac* (1885).

Omitting from consideration scholarship on Poe on the grounds that Poe was for scholars more a national than a Southern figure, I believe that 1892 may be established as the date of the first landmark in the study of Southern literature. In 1892 William P. Trent, at that time professor of history (not of literature) in the University of the South, published a full-length biography of Simms—the first volume, I think, to appear on a Southern man of letters (Poe, as I have said, excepted). In 1901 John Spencer Bassett (another historian) published his *Writings of "Colonel William Byrd of Westover in Virginia Esq."* In 1905 Edwin Mims published his *Sidney Lanier*, another landmark. Nineteen hundred and eight is another date of importance. In that year Edwin A. Alderman and a large corps of assisting editors published the first volume of *A Library of Southern Literature*, an indispensable but very unevenly executed collection, the seventeenth and last volume of which did not appear until 1923. In 1910 Montrose J. Moses published his history of Southern literature, a volume replete with blemishes, but one which remains the sole usable text on the subject.

In the third decade of this century, scholarship in Southern literature began to yield fruits sufficiently copiously for some classifi-

cation of the output to become a practical necessity. The survey which follows deals separately, therefore, with books, unpublished dissertations, and scholarly articles in periodicals.

A rapid review shows that there are in existence more than forty anthologies dealing more or less directly with Southern literature. Nearly twenty-five of this number appeared early, making capital of the songs and lyrics of the Civil War. Of the newer anthologies, the specialized collections are the more scholarly. In this group of specialized anthologies one should mention collections of early narratives edited by Lewis Preston Summers and L. G. Tyler, a collection of fugitive verse edited by Armistead C. Gordon, Jr., a collection of Southern humor by A. P. Hudson, and ballad collections by Reed Smith, A. P. Hudson, A. K. Davis, and Dorothy Scarborough. Among recent general anthologies of Southern literature (most of them making few pretensions to scholarship) are volumes edited by Addison Hibbard, Charles W. Kent, Edwin Mims and Bruce R. Payne, Stark Young, E. W. Parks, and William T. Wynn. The volume edited by Mr. Parks is the only one of this group which uses the apparatus of scholarship.

Since the turn of the century, several general studies and bibliographies have appeared. David K. Jackson has written of Poe and *The Southern Literary Messenger*, Francis Pendleton Gaines has a study of the plantation tradition, Eola Willis has a history of the Charleston stage, and Marion C. Harris has published an analysis of social types in Southern fiction. J. G. Johnson has prepared a bibliography of ante-bellum Southern fiction; W. S. Hoole and Gertrude Gilmer have published bibliographies of periodicals; and Lester J. Cappon has a bibliography of Virginia newspapers. In 1938 a particularly needed work, a survey of the facilities for research in Southern libraries, was edited by Robert B. Downs.

Almost no carefully edited texts of Southern authors have been attempted. There are, of course, the Harrison, Campbell, Whitty, and Mabbott texts of Poe; and one may mention Bassett's edition of Byrd's writings, W. K. Boyd's edition of Byrd's two histories of the Dividing Line, Mabbott and Pleadwell's edition of Edward Coote Pinckney's works, and Jay B. Hubbell's text of *Swallow Barn*.

Probably the most extensive accumulation of scholarship in Southern letters is in the form of biographies. In the chronological

sequences of these biographies one may see clearly a tendency reminiscent of the scene described by Wulfstan when he tells how Esthonians dispose of the property of the dead. The fastest rider, Wulfstan tells us, racing back towards the town wins the first and largest pile of loot. In Southern scholarship, the first biographer upon the scene, *ceteris paribus*, has seized the choicest morsel. Trent captured Simms as his prize; Mims, following, chose Lanier; C. Alphonso Smith wrote a life of O. Henry. The field is still straggling in. There are now, among other volumes, Elizabeth Bisland's life of Lafcadio Hearn, Rosewell Page's life of Thomas Nelson Page, Julia Harris's life of Joel Chandler Harris, John Donald Wade's life of A. B. Longstreet, S. Foster Damon's life of Thomas Holley Chivers, Linda Rhea's life of Hugh Swinton Legaré, Richard Croom Beatty's life of William Byrd, and Edward M. Gwathmey's life of John Pendleton Kennedy. Unfortunately, not one of these books can be called definitive. Already the need for further study or reinterpretation has started the cycle anew. Now in print, for example, are additional biographies of Lanier, Hearn, O. Henry, and Harris. New biographies of Simms and Chivers are in the making.

As scholarship today is almost entirely in the hands of teachers, figures on studies most characteristic of the universities, that is, dissertations and learned articles, assume real importance. Mr. Clarence Gohdes, in an essay published in *The William and Mary College Quarterly* (January, 1936), compiled data on dissertations on Southern subjects which had been accepted by universities before March, 1935. Carrying this investigation forward to March, 1938, I find a total of 80 discoverable dissertations on Southern topics. Forty-two of these studies were directed from Southern institutions. In March, 1938, 12 additional dissertations were listed as being in progress. Seven of the 12 studies in progress were being directed from Southern universities. The completed dissertations may be attributed to various colleges and universities as follows: University of Virginia, 22; Columbia, 12; foreign institutions, 8; University of North Carolina, 6; George Peabody, 4; Vanderbilt, 4; Harvard, 3; University of Iowa, 3; Duke, 2; University of South Carolina, 2; Johns Hopkins, 2; University of Pennsylvania, 2; Brown, 1; Catholic University, 1; University of Southern California, 1; Chicago, 1; Fordham, 1; Louisiana State University, 1; University of Missouri, 1;

University of Ohio, 1; University of Texas, 1; University of Wisconsin, 1.

Examination of the data available on this list of completed dissertations shows that in the last few years an increasing number of candidates for the doctor's degree have been turned towards a study of Southern literature and that the interest in Southern literature has extended to a comparatively large number of universities. Of the 80 dissertations listed, 18 were completed between March, 1935, and March, 1938, and were accepted by 11 different universities, as follows: Virginia, 6; North Carolina, 2; Peabody, 2; and Chicago, Columbia, Southern California, Louisiana, Missouri, Ohio, Vanderbilt, and Wisconsin, 1 each. Recent figures indicate that Vanderbilt, Duke, George Peabody, and the University of North Carolina are becoming notably active in a field long consecrated to the researches of scholars at the University of Virginia. Further general deductions from these figures would probably be ill-advised; but one additional observation may be made by anyone who has read widely in the dissertations—the more recent the dissertation, the better it is likely to be. Many of the older dissertations would not be acceptable as master's theses today.

Three chief sources are available to one investigating the extent of the publication of learned articles on Southern literature. One source is the periodical *American Literature*. Since 1929, articles on American literature have been sufficiently concentrated in that quarterly for an analysis of its contents to provide one with a generous sample of all that is available. The other sources are the two indispensable bibliographies of articles on American literature, one appearing quarterly in *American Literature*, the other appearing once each year in the supplement to *Publications of the Modern Language Association*. The first, entitled "Articles on American Literature Appearing in Current Periodicals," is quite inclusive; the second, which appears as the "American Literature" section of the "American Bibliography" for the year concerned, is rather selective. I have chosen to draw my data from the articles appearing in *American Literature* and from the bibliography, "Articles on American Literature Appearing in Current Periodicals," which also appears in that journal.

The following data on learned articles represent a close approximation rather than scrupulous exactitude. Two principal factors make

exactness difficult. Personal judgment is frequently involved in deciding what is "the South" and what is "Southern," and the bibliography itself is confusing in that it sometimes, by mistake, enters articles more than once and sometimes, by intention, enters the same article under different headings.

In the essay by Mr. Gohdes mentioned above, an analysis of the contents of *American Literature* from March, 1932, to March, 1935, shows that 60 long articles and 49 notes were printed during the period. This first table shows the geographical distribution of the scholars responsible for the notes and articles.

A	Longer Articles	North	Far West	Middle West	Foreign	South
	Total Number					
	60	25	3	17	3	12
B	Shorter Notes					
	Total Number					
	49	26	0	14	0	9

Fourteen of the 60 articles and 16 of the 49 notes were on Southern literature. Seven of these 14 articles and 8 of the 16 notes were on Poe. The distribution of the authors of the articles and notes on Southern literature is shown in this second table.

A	Longer Articles	North	Far West	Middle West	Foreign	South
	Total Number					
	14	4	1	5	0	4
B	Shorter Notes					
	Total Number					
	16	7	0	3	0	6

The two tables immediately below carry this analysis forward from March, 1935, to March, 1938. In this period, 62 articles and 54 notes were printed; 9 of the articles and 18 of the notes were on Southern topics.

A	Longer Articles	North	Far West	Middle West	Foreign	South
	Total Number					
	62	26	8	21	0	7
B	Shorter Notes					
	Total Number					
	54	24	2	15	1	12

The distribution of the authors of articles on Southern topics is shown in this second table. Six of the 9 articles and 12 of the 18 notes concern Poe.

A	Longer Articles	North	Far West	Middle West	Foreign	South
	Total Number					
	9	2	1	4	0	2
B	Shorter Notes					
	Total Number					
	18	5	0	5	1	7

Over a period of six years, then, *American Literature* printed a total of 122 articles and 103 notes. Twenty-three articles and 34 notes are on Southern subjects; 13 articles and 20 notes are on Poe. Excluding articles and notes on Poe, only 10 articles and 13 notes on Southern subjects appeared in *American Literature* in six years. Expressed in percentages, about 10 per cent of the articles and notes are on Southern topics. About one third of the work on Southern literature was by scholars living in the South.

A more comprehensive view of the scholarly articles on Southern literature is obtained by analyzing for our purposes the bibliography, "Articles on American Literature Appearing in Current Periodicals."

	Total Articles	Articles on Southern Topics
Vol. I (March, 1929-Jan., 1930)		
(Bibliography appeared only in Nov. and Jan. numbers) . . . . .	216	26
Vol. II (March, 1930-Jan., 1931)		
(Bibliography appeared only in May number) . . . . .	112	10
Vol. III (March, 1931-Jan., 1932)		
(Bibliography in all numbers) . . . . .	569	84
Vol. IV (March, 1932-Jan., 1933)		
(Bibliography in first three numbers) . . . . .	279	56
Vol. V (March, 1933-Jan., 1934)		
(Bibliography in all numbers) . . . . .	431	62
Vol. VI (March, 1934-Jan., 1935)		
(Bibliography in all numbers) . . . . .	397	58
Vol. VII (March, 1935-Jan., 1936)		
(Bibliography in all numbers) . . . . .	480	92
Vol. VIII (March, 1936-Jan., 1937)		
(Bibliography in all numbers) . . . . .	398	61
Vol. IX (March, 1937-Jan., 1938)		
(Bibliography in all numbers) . . . . .	387	53
	<hr/> 3,269	<hr/> 502

Examining these totals, one finds that about 15 per cent of all the articles listed are on Southern literature. Subtracting 136—the number of articles on Poe—from the total number of articles on Southern literature, leaves a remainder of 366, or about 11 per cent,



which percentage agrees very well with that obtained by analyzing the contents of *American Literature*. Some further analysis may be of interest. The articles on Poe are listed as follows in Volumes I through IX: 5, 2, 27, 7, 22, 20, 24, 14, 15. In all, 26 articles on Sidney Lanier are listed. They appeared as follows: 0, 0, 7, 0, 5, 5, 4, 3, 2. Although I have not included them as Southern, 88 articles on Twain are listed.

In the table below one can see the distribution of articles according to the periods of the author or subject treated. Scholarship on Poe accounts for the unusual number of articles listed under the years 1800-1870.

	<i>Vol. I</i>	<i>II</i>	<i>III</i>	<i>IV</i>	<i>V</i>	<i>VI</i>	<i>VII</i>	<i>VIII</i>	<i>IX</i>	<i>Totals</i>
1607-1800 .....	1	0	7	16	7	8	10	5	2	56
1800-1870 .....	7	2	35	17	29	25	36	25	27	203
1870-1900 .....	4	1	11	2	8	10	10	9	7	62
1900-1938 .....	9	5	10	12	6	8	23	13	12	98
On Language										
and Folklore .....	4	1	11	4	11	5	9	7	2	54
General Articles .....	1	1	10	5	1	2	4	2	3	29

### III

Forecasts concerning the future of scholarship in Southern literature are necessarily rash but will not seem the result of an entirely specious divination if one first examines some of the possible explanations for the comparative poverty of existing scholarship. The fact that the study of American literature is yet a novelty will answer for many deficiencies in scholarship on Southern letters, but one may reasonably emphasize that other deficiencies result from almost peculiarly Southern attitudes towards scholarship and the scholar at least as much as they do from an actual poverty of literature deserving study.

The Carlylean point of view which moved literary historians to reject as unfit subjects for investigation all writers less than heroic in proportions had particularly harmful effects on the study of literature in the South. Good scholars turned naturally to the study of history. Then, too, the few students of Southern literature who remained tended to underestimate the importance of studying themes, movements, and literary relationships. Recently, recognition of the importance of studying culture at sub-heroic levels has resulted

in a concentration of scholarship in the field of sociology; but the damage to the study of literature has not been irreparable.

That scholars attached to Southern institutions have been greatly handicapped and beset by practical difficulties is quite obvious. Administrative heads in Southern colleges, arduously engaged in making one dollar do what five would scarcely accomplish in a Northern institution, have not hesitated to expect teachers of English to carry class-hour and student loads two and three times greater than those carried by teachers in good Northern schools. Pay has been low, Sabbatical years almost unknown, and grants-in-aid to research practically nonexistent. Facilities for advanced work have been notoriously lacking. Few teachers of the humanities have had the stimulus to do exacting research which comes with the teaching of advanced courses. Moreover, few administrators in the South have known or cared whether a teacher was capable of doing competent research. Consequently, the teachers of literature and their audiences have been largely content with rhapsodic or elegiac essays on "The Genius of Southern Poesy" or "Talented Lyricists of Our Native State." But the greatest of the crosses borne by students of Southern letters, I suppose, has been the Southern college or university library. All Southern scholars know the high embowed roof and have walked with due feet through dusty aisles ruled over by delightful but superannuated gentlewomen. One feels that many of the library buildings are rightly named "memorial." Certainly, they impress one as intended primarily to be commemorative, not useful.

In addition to having had few great names to inspire research, the South has been unfortunate (so far as scholarship is concerned) in lacking, even in such a cultural center as Charleston, a busy order of literary antiquarians like that which flourished in New England during the middle of the last century. The South has had no one, I think, to compare with such men as Edwin P. Whipple, James T. Fields, Frank B. Sanborn, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson—gentlemen of Boston, Cambridge, and Concord who treasured up for future interpreters precious shreds of literary information. At every turn, the student of Southern literature is hampered by a scarcity of published memoirs, reminiscences, lives, and letters, which would shed light on books, authors, publishers, and publishing. The scarcity of published memoirs and letters may in part be explained by the

ante-bellum Southerner's penchant for genteel anonymity and by a persistent belief among descendants of Southern writers that only the idealized good should be spoken of the dead. I mention last in this list of reasons for a lack of scholarship—and this list is not intended to be inclusive—the “make it do” philosophy (shiftlessness, it is sometimes called) which one scholar submits as a dominant trait in the culture of the Old South. Perhaps one may admit that Southerners have not been conspicuous for intellectual thoroughness. At any rate, without arguing the question, one may say at once that the bulk of “scholarly” writing in the South has been overly oratorical and too highly charged with emotion, that it has lacked solidity and thoughtfulness. There is even today a tendency in the South towards an insouciant, unequivocal expression of critical opinion by academic fire-eaters who will write at the drop of a hat.

The above review of existing studies on Southern literature would indicate that the South has had comparatively few valuable studies to be proud of; yet, the appearance of some excellent work in the last few years, present trends in scholarship, and improvements in Southern colleges and universities all indicate that one may look to a future of considerable promise. The signs are plain. American literature is just beginning to receive adequate attention: the study of Southern literature will advance as does that of the nation. Southern colleges and universities, much expanded in the past fifteen years, are gradually turning their attention from stadia, cathedrals, and bell towers to graduate schools and advanced degrees. Rapid increase in graduate work combined with the lack of library facilities has resulted in the exploitation of regional materials by candidates for higher degrees in search of thesis topics. Improvements in the libraries have frequently included the addition of special regional or local collections which have tended to make this exploitation profitable. The University of Texas, the University of North Carolina, Duke University, and the University of Virginia have been extremely vigorous in building valuable collections of Southern manuscript and printed materials. One may say, here, that with all its dangers the adapting of the sociological approach to the study of literature has lent new significance and impetus to the study of Southern letters. Of great importance, also, is the fact that future students will be advantageously guided by studies now completed.

It is obvious from any survey, no matter how tentative, that studies in Southern literature are increasing in number and merit. Judging from the projects by mature scholars now listed in *American Literature* as being "in progress," the next few years should see a remarkable expansion of our understanding of literature in the Old South. Most of these studies in progress will doubtless be influenced by a rather recent change for the better in the quality and spirit of Southern scholarship. One finds in recent scholarship less declamation, more accuracy and completeness than in the old. Even in life-writing, a change is taking place. Biographers breaking with the marmoreal style of the past, seem inclined (within the limits of decency) to accept as a challenge rather than as a dissuasion excessive reticence about the facts of an author's life by pietistic descendants possessed of unpublished documents. The scholarly raiders are becoming as impatient of such opposition as were those members of a Confederate regiment who are described in an ancient number of *The Southern Bivouac* as being ruffled by a suspicious Louisiana farmer who drove his pigs under the house when the troops marched by. One soldier, a proud, high-strung, sensitive fellow, stung to the quick by the action of the farmer, said, "That is an insult to our sacred cause, and to every honest man in the regiment. Let us resent it. Let us teach this man to respect us. Let's go back there to-night and steal one of his darned old hogs, to show him that we won't stand any of his insinuations."

Hog-stealers or not, Southern scholars in the past few years have begun to proceed on the assumption that before 1900 or 1925 the South had a literature worthy of serious investigation. A surprising amount of what one may now know about this literature of the Old South and the Reconstruction South could not have been known—certainly not with any comparable degree of accuracy—without the assistance of the scholarship of the past twenty years. To one who knows even part of that scholarship and understands something of its scope and limitations, it is evident that much more work needs to be done. It will be unfortunate, indeed, if students of Southern literature, at this stage in our understanding of our literary past, are persuaded to dismiss the entire subject. There exists a real need for additional scholarly bibliographies, biographies, anthologies, and editions. We need studies of magazines, newspapers, and theaters.

When particularized studies of letters, literary men, and literary relationships have accumulated, the study of themes and movements will naturally follow. For the present, at least, broad generalizations concerning the literature of the Old South—concerning the extent to which it represented the life of the Old South, for instance—must be considered tentative or premature.

## THE CULTURE OF THE REFUGEES IN THE UNITED STATES

CHARLES I. GLICKSBERG

THE WORLD is in a ferment of fear and hate. One breeds the other. The struggle for power is ideological as well as physical. Cruelty has become a political technique, sadism a mark of Nordic superiority. What are those who still believe in the democratic "myth" to do as they read accounts, often discreetly censored, of what is happening in the German-occupied countries of Europe and Italy? Individual expressions of sympathy, unless they are instrumental in effecting collective action of some kind, are, of course, of small avail. In this world-wide crisis, only firm international collaboration by the democratic countries can possibly prove effectual. The refugee problem is not confined to one race or religion. Were it solely a matter of anti-Semitism, the problem could perhaps be solved. But the virus of hate has bitten deeper. Not only Jews but political suspects, men and women guilty of entertaining liberal or radical ideas, Protestants and Catholics who refuse to bow unto Caesar, have been caught in the dragnet of Nazi persecution.

Either mankind is united by bonds of brotherhood and sympathy, by common ideals of justice and truth, or else the earth is doomed to become the arena of nation warring against nation, class against class. The arbiter of all disputes will, then, be naked military force. Blood will be shed; life, and with it civilization, will be destroyed with ruthless efficiency. For those who refuse to hold a completely pessimistic view of civilization, there is but one solace left: the faith that the intelligence, sanity, kindliness, and decency inherent in mankind will reassert themselves and save us from the brink of disaster. How this is to be brought about demands a prophetic knowledge of the future, which we do not possess. At present the best that men of good will can do is to alleviate as far as possible the human suffering that exists. The refugee problem must be solved in some rational and practicable manner.

The refugee problem is, to be sure, not new. Almost every political or religious war in the past has yielded its host of miserable

refugees fleeing from the terror of oppression. But the modern tragedy, because it is taking place on such a vast scale, is in many respects unprecedented. The growth of Fascism in Italy, the success of National Socialism, the reshuffling of large sections of the population in accordance with the doctrine of race and blood, have created a formidable problem. The League of Nations first tried to cope with it by establishing a High Commission for German Refugees, with James G. McDonald as its director. The High Commission performed a notable service by aiding about sixty-five thousand persons to escape the Nazi terror, but much more remains to be done. The situation has grown worse since Mr. McDonald resigned his position of responsibility. That the vicissitudes of war and revolution may cause a mass migration of minorities is understandable; history has partly inured us to the spectacle. That a nation like Germany should indulge in a brutal campaign of racial hate and religious persecution and cap it with a determined program of extermination is difficult to grasp. It calls for a radical revision of our legal and humanitarian concepts.

Collectively the problem of finding a home for these unfortunate exiles takes on an economic and statistical character: how many can each country conveniently accommodate and what type of immigrants will it welcome? The migration of refugees can be explained in economic and actuarial terms, but for those implicated it is a tragedy too deep for tears. Without funds and without friends, these people must begin life anew: learn a new language, adapt themselves to a strange environment. It is sad enough for the mature person who can at least muster a degree of fortitude and bear his cruel lot with resignation; for their children the consequences are incalculable. Historians will later devote a dramatic chapter to the description of persecutions in the twentieth century, but no account, however eloquently written, can hope to suggest the blighting effect it must have had on human lives.

Beginning with 1933, a veritable tornado swept over the German universities, cleaning out all human elements thought to be in any way inimical to the dominant political regime. Professors, writers, artists guilty of liberal or humanitarian sentiments were either placed in concentration camps or else were forced to abandon their native country. Studies dealing with the effect of the Nazi



dictatorship on education show that various distinguished faculties have been summarily dismissed, and without regard for the reputation or character of victimized scholars. Plain figures alone reveal the thoroughness of the cultural purge. Of the 1,684 professors dismissed by the Nazi decrees, 896 were discharged because they were Jewish, Catholic, or politically unreliable. The rest were set adrift without any reason being assigned. In his book on *The Refugees from Germany, April, 1933, to December, 1935*, Norman Bentwich declares: "No feature of the Nazi persecution made such a deep impression on the world as the exile of the university scholars and the intellectuals. In the academic world there has been nothing comparable to it since the emigration of the Greek scholars on the capture of Constantinople by the Turks in the fifteenth century." Half of the dismissed academic teachers left Germany during the first year: Nobel Prize winners, scientists, sociologists, economists. Wherever they went, they were cordially received. Though the universities were then in straitened circumstances, they rallied nobly to the cause; they would not stand by idly while the principle of academic freedom was menaced by persecutions on racial, religious, and political grounds.

The United States was most generous in its response. Relief organizations were immediately formed. The Emergency Committee for Aid to Displaced German Scholars labored earnestly to carry out its self-appointed task. The American response to the heart-rending situation abroad was admirable: large sums of money were donated to help the refugees; resolutions were drafted to make known to the world the abhorrence and indignation of all decent civilized men; steps were immediately taken to rescue German writers, scholars, and artists from the inferno of oppression which Germany had become. For example, in June, 1938, fifty-seven college professors addressed a plea to the colleges and universities of this country to grant free tuition and scholarships to student refugees driven out of Fascist universities because of their belief in democracy. The appeal was sponsored by the Columbia Federation for Democracy and Intellectual Freedom, the chairman of which is Dr. Harold C. Urey. Dr. Urey hoped that it would be possible to bring over several thousand students in the autumn, if each of the larger universities would extend hospitality to a dozen or more student refugees. With

European civilization moving into a new Dark Age, Dr. Urey believes that it is becoming "more and more necessary for this great modern democracy to carry the torch of civilization in the next few years."

The New School of Social Research formed a special department of refugee teachers in the social and economic sciences—the University in Exile—to which fifteen German and Italian scholars were appointed. The American Emergency Committee centered its efforts on finding permanent positions for exiled German scholars. On the whole, the academic refugees have not fared badly; positions, either temporary or permanent, have been secured for many of them. There is no question but that the field of American scholarship will be greatly fertilized by this redistribution of talent. In receiving these refugees, the United States is remaining true to its historic tradition as a land of freedom and toleration. Such hospitality to exiled artists and writers, scholars, musicians, and actors is the noblest vindication possible of the soundness and strength of the democratic ideal. That they can be—that many already have been—fruitfully assimilated within the native cultural pattern is not only proof positive of their ability and usefulness; it also constitutes a damning indictment of the country which drove them out.

The haunting fear that the intellectual refugees from abroad might spread alien and subversive doctrines, that they might become the spearhead of an insidious attack on "Americanism," was hatched in the nightmare brain of the demagogue. It manifests a signal lack of faith in the power of uncensored political discussion, which is the life-blood of democratic institutions. The writers and scholars exiled from Germany were neither criminals nor anarchists nor Communists. They were, for the most part, simply men of distinction who were unfortunate enough to hold political views that the Nazi rulers were determined to liquidate. Precisely because they were able, influential, and incorruptible were they dismissed from their post, hounded, humiliated, economically disqualified. Germany is thus rapidly being denuded of its most gifted, its most learned and original minds. Only the coarse, the people with a calloused conscience, can possibly approve of the Nazi regime; only the cowardly can come to terms with it; only the timid and time-serving can compromise with it by keeping silent. The courageous ones fled the

country immediately as if it were a lazaret-house. They have been fleeing ever since. The inescapable role of the United States was to open its doors to these persecuted intellectuals. And its rewards, measured in any coin of the realm, will be greater than its investment. This influx of foreign intellectuals is bound to enrich our cultural and creative life.

II

One of the most daring and eminently successful experiments in the rehabilitation of exiled European scholars was undertaken by the New School for Social Research. Founded in 1919, the New School for Social Research was devoted to the aim of supplying adult education to those who could profit from graduate work. The University in Exile was later formed from a list of the most brilliant men that the German universities had ousted. The University in Exile is literally a German university transported to these shores, except that the faculty, composed of the most capable and illustrious professors, are free to teach what they believe. The New School appointed men like Emil Lederer, Eduard Heimann, Gerald Colm, Hermann Kantorowicz, Arthur Feiler, Max Wertheimer, Max Ascoli, Carl Mayer, and others, each with a fine career of achievement behind him. They soon fell into their stride, and took up their new duties with whole-hearted enthusiasm. The New School established a quarterly periodical, *Social Research*, to which they contributed the results of their investigations. They also delivered lectures regularly on a wide variety of topics, dealing chiefly with politics, sociology, economics, psychology, and philosophy. The courses they gave were conducted according to the highest standards of scholarship before the advent of Hitler. The University in Exile thus represents a pioneering attempt to secure international co-operation in the realm of the social sciences; it introduces European methods of scholarship into the American educational system. What these scholars will add in the way of ideas, critical methods, and philosophic outlook it is too soon to predict, but on the basis of what they have so far accomplished, under conditions that would discourage even the stout-hearted, there is reason to expect a strong fructifying influence.

The long bibliography of articles, addresses, and books completed by members of the University in Exile, since their arrival in this country, testifies to their productive capacity. Many of the studies,

to be sure, are of technical nature, but quite a number were contributed to outstanding American periodicals and appeal to a fairly wide audience. In 1936 the exiled Italian scholar, Gaetano Salvemini, published his work, *Under the Axe of Fascism*. A volume like *Political and Economic Democracy*, edited by Max Ascoli and Fritz Lehmann (New York, 1937), together with the more recent *Fascism for Whom?*, edited by Max Ascoli and Arthur Feiler (New York, 1938), is a good example of what some of the exiled professors are contributing. The scholars who contributed to the former book attempt to integrate their knowledge and experience and on that foundation to formulate the ideals that are basic to democracy. The articles embody the conclusions arrived at in the course of the General Seminar during the year 1935-36.

## III

The problem extends far beyond that of securing positions for academic refugees. European intellectual workers of all kinds, doctors and scientists, writers and artists, conductors and composers, stand in urgent need of succor. The organized, disinterested efforts of numerous Americans to help the poor exiles from Germany, France, and Italy serve, in part, to restore one's shattered faith in the fraternal unity of mankind. The plan of the American Friends' Service Committee to open a camp for expatriated Germans, Austrians, and others, is worthy of mention. The American Guild for German Cultural Freedom has been active in granting aid to exiled artists and writers from Germany. It has sponsored the Exile Literary Contest, to which persons of any nationality who have been driven from their native land for political reasons may submit manuscripts. Moreover, since January, 1938, the Guild has given 'fifty-three scholarships to exiled German writers.

The central theme of this essay cannot too often be repeated: the cultural life of the United States has been and will be increasingly enriched by the gifted refugees who have come to establish their home in this country. Next to Albert Einstein, Thomas Mann is surely the most famous of the German exiles who have recently arrived in America. His appointment as lecturer on the humanities at Princeton University is of profound significance. As a consistent humanist, Thomas Mann believes that the United States must at all

costs uphold the vital principle of democracy against the dark forces of reaction sweeping across the world.

This was the message he elaborated in *The Coming Victory of Democracy*, a lecture delivered on a coast-to-coast tour from February to May, 1938. Democracy, which is human and timeless, will triumph over a creed that resorts to oppression and glorifies the use of force. In an age when evil is rampant, when blind instincts rule and the worst passions are unleashed, Thomas Mann still has faith in the essential dignity of man, who lives in and by the ideal. We cannot, he warns us, afford to despise humanity. Democracy understands and respects the humanity in man; it is hospitable to culture, science, art; it wishes to set man free, not to enslave him. This is the conscience-rousing message he has brought to America. Of himself he declares modestly: "I am no sansculotte, no Jacobin, no revolutionary—my whole being is that of a conservative; that is to say that I stand by tradition. . . . I left Germany because in the Germany of today the traditional values underlying Western culture have been rejected and trodden under foot. I have made many sacrifices in order to save one thing which was denied me in Germany: freedom of thought and expression." There is more than gratitude; there is a living seed of truth in the prophetic statement that he utters: "I feel that the hopes of all those who cherish democratic sentiments in the sense in which I have defined them, must be concentrated on this country. Here it will be possible—here it must be possible—to carry out those reforms of which I have spoken; to carry them out by peaceful labour, without crime and bloodshed. It is my own intention to make my home in your country, and I am convinced that if Europe continues for a while to pursue the same course as in the last two decades, many good Europeans will meet again on American soil. I believe, in fact, that for the duration of the present European dark age, the center of Western Culture will shift to America."

The University in Exile, the presence of both Thomas Mann and Albert Einstein at Princeton University, the appointment of Eduard Benes, former President of Czechoslovakia, to a professorship at the University of Chicago, these alone give proof that the center of Western culture has already begun to shift to America. Professor Albert Einstein has not refrained from speaking out on

the troubled issues of the time. Even a physicist may be permitted to voice his convictions when his conscience bids him do so. In a recent commencement address at Swarthmore College, he asked with impressive earnestness how individuals or nations could remain indifferent towards those countries where people were being persecuted or killed off. He pleaded for the diffusion of the universal moral ideal, which means the abandonment of our individual, unattached, self-centered existence. Regimentation is a violation of freedom. The individual who is free, he reminded his audience, makes the highest contribution to civilization.

## IV

Deprived of political and economic citizenship in the country from which they fled, the exiled intellectuals are eager to root themselves in the new land which they now look upon as home. They wish to give of the best that is in them. Like Thomas Mann, they believe fervently in the promise and ultimate triumph of democracy. They are not pensioners on our bounty. The United States has been extremely fortunate in attracting some of the most original and productive minds of Europe. They have not replaced native scholars. Had Germany and Italy not reverted to barbarism, many outstanding American universities would have jumped at the opportunity of securing these specialists as visiting lecturers or permanent members of the faculty.

Europe's loss will be America's gain. Culture cannot flourish on Fascist soil. The atmosphere is poisonous. Where truth is proscribed, where freedom of thought and speech is forbidden, the fruits of art and science cannot flourish. Men of vision will not tamely submit to tyranny; they will not repudiate their ideals and beliefs nor abandon their faith in justice and democracy. Like a flower which turns instinctively towards the sun, they migrated to a land where the light of freedom still shines.

Besides artists, scientists, medical men, and scholars who have come to this country, there has been a steady influx of musicians of all kinds: conductors, singers, composers, musicologists. Many of them—men like Arnold Schoenberg, Otto Klemperer, Hanns Eisler—have already gained an international reputation. Here is yet another way in which the culture of the United States will be en-

riched by the contribution of refugees. There are, however, a number of serious difficulties that must be overcome. How are these musicians, men of assured ability and long years of experience, to be placed? The suggestion has been made, and it is a good one, that communities throughout the country should organize their own orchestras and opera companies. This would afford employment to singers, musicians, composers, and conductors, both amateur and professional, both native and foreign. The plan could be carried out under the direction of experienced conductors from abroad.

The United States has also benefited immensely from the Nazi system of co-ordination in the film industry. Talented directors who were politically undesirable or non-Aryan had to flee. While some went to England, most of them were drawn to Hollywood. Fritz Lang, who has applied for American citizenship, has produced some excellent pictures. Equally distinguished is G. W. Pabst, who produced *A Modern Hero* for Warner Brothers in 1934, but left later for Paris. When Hitler came into power, Ernest Lubitsch was left a man without a country; he decided to remain in the United States and apply for naturalization papers. A number of German actors and actresses have taken up permanent residence in America. Not only directors and actors but a corps of men associated with the cinema—camera men, set-designers, producers—have found a place for themselves in Hollywood.

Another project which will enlist the services of renowned European scholars is that launched by the Institute of Criminal Science, which plans to undertake a study of the causes of crime in the United States. Also of considerable interest is the contribution of refugee scholars in the field of architecture. In 1937 the New Bauhaus was opened in Chicago; it was modeled on the original Bauhaus started by Walter Gropius in 1919. After Hitler assumed control, the Bauhaus could not go on, and Walter Gropius came to America as Professor of Architecture at Harvard University. His associate in the work in Germany was Professor Moholy-Nagy, director of the New Bauhaus in Chicago.

v

Humanitarian considerations alone will not solve the refugee problem. Economic considerations are primary. Without resources of any kind, unable to speak the language of the country to which



they may be sent, these refugees must hurdle many cruel obstacles before they can achieve freedom and a measure of security. Who is to bear the cost of emigration? To what countries are they to be sent? How are they to be taught to adjust themselves to their new environment? President Roosevelt's plan is to have private funds, voluntarily contributed, cover all the costs. The plan may succeed. The conscience of democratic countries has been aroused. Something must be done to alleviate this desperate situation. Isolation on this front is no longer possible. The appeal sent out by the United States to twenty-nine governments to co-operate in the work of resettling and aiding European refugees is diplomatically worded, but its proposals are highly significant. Important, indeed, is the explicit statement that the problem cannot be handled except by international co-operation.

Many immigrants have come to our shores and added their peculiar racial contribution to the rich cultural complexity that is America. Without some understanding of the diverse racial strands that make up the pattern of American life, neither our cultural nor socio-economic history can be properly appraised. Historians have long acknowledged the truth of this point of view. A number of studies have appeared recently, especially those prepared and published by the Works Progress Administration, which attempt to gauge the cultural contribution of foreign groups that have settled in the United States.

Immigration and economics go hand in hand. For more than a century America represented the land of opportunity for the foreigner because it still had vast tracts of rich, unsettled land—the shifting frontier with its almost unlimited resources. Millions were attracted to this country because it offered gainful and steady employment and the possibility of rising in the social scale. But the economic factor is not the only motive power of human action. Other important elements play their part in generating a decision within the complex human organism: religious, ethical, and political influences of various kinds. Economic and political democracy cannot be dissociated; they go together. Functioning as a democracy, the United States granted to each of the aliens who arrived not only hospitality but also the rights of citizenship: democratic privileges of free thought, free discussion, the right to worship as he pleased.

That is how the United States rapidly became an asylum for refugees and immigrants of all types. After the failure of the social revolution in Germany and France in 1848 and 1849, a number of revolutionaries, liberals, and intellectuals turned to America as a symbol of freedom, and their work did much to leaven our native culture.

Contemporary judgments are usually exaggerated, yet it seems as if at no time in world history was oppression so widespread, so acute, so systematic as it is today. Now it has reached a peak of "scientific" efficiency unparalleled in the annals of injustice. But the "scientifically" co-ordinated reign of terror has also created a profound reaction of sympathy throughout parts of the world that can still be called civilized. President Roosevelt's stirring appeal in behalf of the unfortunate refugees has not gone unheeded. The process of emigration, however, will mean a process of cultural diffusion. New cultural blood will be injected into the veins of the adopted country. New ideas, customs, and influences will seep in gradually but persistently. Naturally those refugees who had most to give to the world were among the first to be singled out for acts of vengeance, and they were also among the first to take to flight. Many more, however, have been unable to escape. The degree to which American thought has been fertilized and stimulated by a comparatively small group of refugees would seem to indicate that the victims of Fascist oppression will definitely benefit the country in which they are permitted to settle. The Nazi regime may attempt to seal its borders hermetically against obnoxious intellectual influences, but they are flying in the face of experience. Thought cannot be bottled up or tortured out of existence. The history of civilization offers incontestable evidence that it cannot be done. Ideas do not die. At least, not that way. Persecute them, and they become more attractive, more powerful. The most effective answer the democracies can make to the challenge of the totalitarian states is to find a haven for the refugees from abroad, and to make clear to the world that the spirit of freedom and justice still binds men together.

# B · O · O · K · S

## AN AUTUMNAL STUDY

NEW ENGLAND: *Indian Summer 1865-1915*. By Van Wyck Brooks.  
New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 1940. Pp. 557. \$3.75.

As any reader of *The Flowering of New England* would expect, its sequel is a beautifully written work of criticism and history, taking up the current of the first volume and carrying it on to the present. With pleasant excursions into the field of painting and a few allied subjects, this work is primarily a record of the decline and fall of the literature of New England and a final suggestion of a rebirth with golden promise in the work of such writers as Frost, Miss Millay, and others. As in the previous volume, Mr. Brooks finds most of his material in the works of the authors themselves and in the biographies written about them. Like all good writers, he lifts telling phrases or interesting anecdotes at will, but often he gives in footnotes the context of some of his happiest borrowings. Not a work of scholarship—although certainly one of wide reading—Mr. Brooks's study will no doubt stir up a good deal of interest in at least the chief authors whom he discusses in the course of his book—such as Howells and Henry James, whose fame among Americans has been unjustly diminished amid the chaos of criticism and experimentation of the twentieth century.

While the fact must be obvious that the intent of this work is to stimulate an interest in the American literary past on the part of intelligent readers of the present, there has been a tendency to regard Mr. Brooks as a scholarly historian. Accordingly, it may not be altogether a work of supererogation to point out a few of the weaknesses in Mr. Brooks's present volume. In the first place, no man could write a treatment of New England authors, during the last half of the nineteenth century particularly, without seriously considering the course of American literature in other sections, and without "borrowing" writers like Mark Twain and even Howells, men who were hardly New Englanders in any real sense of the term. Mr. Brooks has chosen some few for his "borrowing" but has not explained why he has almost totally neglected others—G. W. Cable, for example—who perhaps have an equal claim as long-time residents in the Northeastern states.

Then, too, there is the danger of a thesis—especially the thesis of declining intellectual power. While Mr. Brooks rings the changes on the

obfuscation of the tradition of Emerson, the supplanting of the old culture by a polite but emasculate cosmopolitanism, and the blanching of even the "pale negations" of Unitarianism, he distorts the true picture; for the end of the century marked the first real flowering of New England in painting and music; and the Unitarian young men, blossoming out under the name of "Radicals" instead of "transcendentalists," had far more effect than one would judge from a reading of this autumnal study. For example, one of the most active traditions of social reform was carried on from the days of Garrison by these "Radicals"—and the student of twentieth-century muckraking finds the ground to have been made ready by such of them as wrote for *The Arena*—a group, it may be added, who presented to the young Hamlin Garland one of the most impressive of New England's intellectual currents.

Then, too, since journalism has been and remains still the dominant feature of the literary landscape in the United States no one can safely essay a history of any sectional literary activity without at least tipping his hat in the direction of the more eminent magazines. But Mr. Brooks has avoided more than a glance in their direction.

There are numerous minor points in regard to which the present critic believes the volume under discussion to be subject to correction, but only the specialist would be interested in them—and so they may be passed by for present purposes. Suffice it to say that, subject to a number of limitations imposed by method and purpose, *New England: Indian Summer* is a brilliant book, coruscating with beautiful sentences, and tempered by an attitude of affection if not overenthusiasm for its section of the country. Its effect will be one devoutly to be desired in these days when men seem to scoff at an American tradition and our journalists seem to have lost a national point of view—if not a national point of honor.

Intelligent readers in the South may also be led to ponder why no one of its eminent authors has attempted to do for the region south of the Potomac what Mr. Brooks has done for New England.

CLARENCE GOHDES.

### THE CASE FOR PUBLIC INVESTMENTS

**IDLE MEN IDLE MONEY.** By Stuart Chase. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1940. Pp. 249. \$2.00.

In this book, his latest contribution to popular economics, Mr. Chase contends that the American economy is in a state of chronic stagnation, the only corrective for which is a public investment program on a large scale. There is no point, he writes, in bemoaning the fact that the govern-

ment is spending much more than its current revenue. Those who criticize such a program are lacking in an appreciation of certain economic truths. These critics need to be enlightened, and this Mr. Chase proposes to do in his book. They should have no difficulty in following him, for his economic analysis is simple. Indeed, it is sometimes too simple.

His starting point is the federal budget. Our budgetary procedure, we are told, is all wrong. Were the government to follow the example of business and budget its outlays accordingly, the citizen would soon perceive that deficit financing is a misnomer; that what has been labeled a deficit has in fact been a capital outlay, or in other words an investment by the government. In short, business goes into debt when it makes an investment, and it keeps its budget accordingly. This is exactly how the government should operate, since its debts are also investments. Were we to have two budgets, one for current accounts and the other for capital outlays, then our finances would be seen in a different light. There would then be no occasion for alarm. Those expenditures which result in the creation of useful assets would be credited to the capital account; and should any of these not be self-liquidating projects, their amortization would be provided for in the current (operating) budget. The self-liquidating projects would, of course, take care of themselves.

This endorsement of the idea of business budget for the government by Mr. Chase is by way of preparing the reader for the central thesis of the book; namely, our economy has reached a stage of maturity wherein jobs, goods, and services can be adequately provided only by large-scale public spending. Following the analysis of Hansen, Keynes, Hawtrey, and others, Mr. Chase maintains that the economy is saving too much—in excess of the available outlets for extensive investments. We are told, moreover, that much of the income flows into the hands of a relatively few people who have perforce to save; while the greater majority of people have incomes too small to provide a standard of living in line with the known capacity of our economic system. Much of the income that is saved remains idle for want of investment opportunities, or if it is used, it is devoted in substantial part to speculation. In either event the volume of private investment is not sufficient to give full employment. Hence it is that the government must intervene.

In what he terms "six modest proposals," Mr. Chase outlines what to him is both a necessary and suitable program for the government. Briefly, he would have a permanent P.W.A. to offset the lack of private investment. This would put savings to use. These outlays would not be deficit financing but "public investment," and to record this fact the government would adopt a business budget as noted above. Furthermore,

in its current budget there would be provided generous pensions to the aged. There would not be, as in the original system, a pension reserve; for the effect of this arrangement is to curtail purchasing power. The all-important object, as he sees it, is to provide more purchasing power, and a liberal pension scheme financed by taxes on the rich is therefore necessary. To get this additional revenue, Chase advises an increase in the taxes on incomes between \$2,500 and \$50,000; in addition, heavier taxation would be applied to corporations and inheritances. In this manner income would be transferred from the few and distributed among the many so as to increase purchasing power. The result expected by Mr. Chase is an upswing in the national income, in which event this progressive taxation would not be so keenly felt. But he is not so sure that full employment can be had thereby; accordingly, he adopts Mr. Berle's proposal to establish a bank for long-term capital loans—a government institution to supply credit at low, selective rates of interest to finance new construction, public and private. Such an institution would prevent savings going unused.

For his part, Mr. Chase is convinced that some such proposals as these must be adopted. His book is indeed a sprightly written brief for the economics of the New Deal. He is, however, more candid than most New Dealers can afford to be: he expresses his doubts that our system of a free economy can be preserved. That system has disappeared abroad, and when peace comes he does not think that European nations will return to the old order. Thus he concludes America must make similar adjustments, and do so now. We have too long sacrificed men to money, Mr. Chase tells us; from now on we must make men masters of money. Thus it is that Mr. Chase is not in the least disturbed by increasing public expenditures, mounting taxation, and increasing control of private business. If this is to continue on a larger scale in the future, as he recommends, it is not surprising that he thinks our free economy is doomed! To those who protest that the path which he marks out will lead to inflation, or to a reduced volume of real production, Mr. Chase replies with the comforting reminder that the economies of Germany, Italy, and Russia have not blown up, nor again, are the British much concerned about money and deficits. Certainly this is specious reasoning. Has not Mr. Chase ignored the totalitarian nature of the European economies (that of Britain excepted)? Reading his book, one is given to wonder whether the case for public investment is firmly established. But grant that it is—does this not mean that a regimented economy is inevitable? To Mr. Chase, apparently, the answer to this question is merely a choice of words—a problem in semantics.

HAROLD H. HUTCHESON.

## WALPOLE HIMSELF

HORACE WALPOLE. By R. W. Ketton-Cremer. London: Duckworth, 1940. Pp. 368. \$5.00.

The first thing that strikes the professorial reader of Mr. Ketton-Cremer's life of Walpole is the absence of any startling new biographical details in the book. Mr. W. S. Lewis's whole stock of Walpole material has been placed at the author's disposal apparently, as well as other less important collections in this country and in England, and yet nothing very exciting in the way of new facts appears. Not that Mr. Ketton-Cremer makes any special point of his fresh contributions to knowledge. In fact, he is disarmingly modest and congratulates himself only on matters of detail, such as the record of Sir Robert Walpole's last words, and the additional circumstances relating to the quarrel between Walpole and Gray which he has found in unpublished letters of Sir Horace Mann. It is really rather surprising that an examination of all this vast accumulation of unpublished material should yield so few fresh facts, and should alter the picture so slightly. This book is fresh and utterly delightful. Never before, it seems to me, has the story of Horace Walpole been told with such genuine sympathy and understanding, but the story would have been in all essentials the same if Mr. Ketton-Cremer had never seen Farmington.

The value of the book is to be found then in the balance and sanity, as well as the brilliance, of the portraiture. We have been so long fed with the notion of Walpole's fatuousness, with his supposed never-ending efforts to avoid ennui, with his frills and his Gothic enthusiasms, his love of old women, his sneers, and his senilities, that we have made him over into a pastiche of oddities, just as he made over Strawberry Hill into quite as odd an object. The steady purposefulness of his life we have been apt to forget.

It seemed to Walpole important that an inside record should be kept of the events, personages, and social conditions of his own time, and this he proposed to do in his letters and memoirs. His correspondents, Mann and Cole and Gray and Montagu and the others, were chosen with some deliberation, because to them he could unload his mind on politics, antiquities, literature, social gossip. Mann would get the politics, Cole the antiquities, and so on. Walpole was by nature and could only be the informal historian. Something disastrous always happened when he put on the starched shirt of formal history, but at informal history through the medium of letters he was magnificent. He was a more self-conscious artist than Pepys, but like him worked best in his shirt sleeves.



Mr. Ketton-Cremer uses of course, though he is very discreet about quotations, many of the well-known themes that one finds in all the discussions of Horace Walpole, the Grande Chartreuse episode, the quarrel with Gray, the executions of the '45, the attempt to save Byng, the adventure of Strawberry Hill, the embarrassment over Chatterton, but he keeps these things always subordinated to the main task he has in hand, to recreate for us the man Walpole and to show the form and pressure of his times. He seems to have caught some of Walpole's sense for the importance of small things. His style is very much alive, but not forced into an artificial brilliance. His account of Walpole's attempt to get his nephew well and properly married to a wealthy young girl and thus save him, and Houghton, from disaster reminds us how firmly such novels as *Clarissa Harlowe* are based on social reality. His description of Walpole's antiquarian thieveries, of Walpole's reception in Paris in 1765 "looking like the grandfather of Adonis," of the *Philosophes* he met there and the difference between most of them and such an Englishman as Hume, all these things and many more are admirably done. Mr. Ketton-Cremer is steady without being dull. He understands that the most normal thing about man, and perhaps particularly about Horace Walpole, is his abnormalities.

WILLIAM HENRY IRVING.

#### A BIOGRAPHY OF JONATHAN EDWARDS

JONATHAN EDWARDS 1703-1758: *A Biography*. By Ola Elizabeth Winslow. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1940. Pp. xii, 406. \$3.50.

The foremost philosophical thinker thus far produced by the United States was Jonathan Edwards, pastor, missionary to the Indians and president of Princeton in its one-horse days. It seems odd that with all the interest lately exhibited in the American past no scholar with modern techniques has attempted a biography of this important figure. But such is the case, and students of Edwards have had to resort to the old-fashioned pious estimates long ago outmoded or to a smart-aleck biography filled with prejudice and error.

Edwards kept no mistresses on the sly and never did anything more spectacular than to quarrel with his parishioners—and his life is what one would expect that of a conscientious divine to have been, considering the atmosphere of the early eighteenth century. A Puritan he was indeed—a staunch defender of Calvinism—but in no sense was he merely a pious bigot who regarded a draught of ale as a concoction made by the devil to anaesthetize the drinker's conscience.

The simple annals of his career are faithfully and accurately set forth by the author, who eschews all attempts to evaluate or to elucidate Edwards's philosophical and religious theories. The work is one of pure biography. It is to be hoped that another volume of equal value may be forthcoming—one in which the ideas of Edwards are marshaled in order and considered in terms of the theology and psychology regnant in the Augustan Age.

CLARENCE GOHDES.

#### A DISSERTATION ON MORRIS

A VICTORIAN REBEL: *The Life of William Morris*. By Lloyd Wendell Eshleman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1940. Pp. xiv, 386. \$3.50.

It is always a problem to know what to do with a doctoral dissertation, once it has served its primary purpose of "partial fulfilment. . . ." Dr. Eshleman has in this book reworked his Princeton dissertation of 1937 and presents it now, as he says, "in a style that the average reader may not" he trusts "find objectionable." One reader must admit that he finds the result a mixture of two bad styles. There are many inconsistencies of form, the citations of authority are erratic, the bibliography is untidily put together (and Bloomfield's biography is omitted altogether), the drawings of Burne-Jones are not credited to the artist, there are long quotations from secondary sources, the index is inadequate, one of Morris's titles is regularly misspelled, and so on. These are vagaries which might be expected in a merely popular biography of some pretensions, but could not be condoned in a doctoral dissertation. There are also such careless statements as that in the 1850's "nothing was known in England of mural painting" (p. 72) and "There had been a long tradition of Greek epic poetry in the Middle Ages" (p. 101); and Morris's diaries of his first journeys to Iceland are described as "a project that was faithfully executed but never published" (p. 114)—although both the "Journal" of 1871 and the "Diary" of 1873 are of course in Volume VIII of the *Collected Works*. Most of what Dr. Eshleman says of Rossetti is misleading or inaccurate. It is puzzling to read that Tennyson's "chivalrous depictions" of the Arthurian stories "had spoiled Morris's public" of 1858. And it is startling to hear that a poem in the *Defence of Guevenere* volume (1858) could possibly have influenced "My Last Duchess," which was published in 1842.

On the other hand, Dr. Eshleman has done better, perhaps, in the latter half of his book, with his treatment of Morris as a Victorian

"rebel." Morris's poetry is now little read (Dr. Eshleman discusses some of it briefly in his earlier pages); much of his work as a craftsman is now discredited or out of fashion (Dr. Eshleman considers it only in passing); his disgust with late Victorian social conditions, his zeal for a revolution which would bring happiness to suffering humanity, his complaints of "the world's injustice and stupidity" and his dreams of a practicable Utopia: these are more immediately absorbing topics, and Dr. Eshleman devotes more than half his book to them. That Morris had many of the impulses of a social reformer there is no doubt. That he interested himself in socialism and the welfare of workingmen along with the many other interests of his restless, active life is well known. Yet it may be that finally, when history passes judgment, Morris's socialism and his long-spun prose romances will go down with his wallpapers and his handsome but almost illegible printing, as matters of historical and biographic concern only; whereas his poetry—the early half-crude half-maniac poetry and the "equable iambics" of his "tapestry" narratives—may well remain as his mark on the nineteenth century, his monument to an untrained impatient but powerful genius. It is to be wished that Dr. Eshleman had attempted to sum up his hero's life in the closing pages—with a portrait of the man, who was in more than the usual sense greater than any of his works—and to give us some help in understanding its many endeavors, even though his thesis was simply Morris as a defeated, and at times a hopeful, reformer.

PAULL F. BAUM.

### THE FOUNDATION OF ALL ARTS

THE ARTS AND THE ART OF CRITICISM. By Theodore Meyer Greene.  
Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1940. Pp. 690. \$5.00.

American scholars have often a disposition to insist on differences and to brush aside the common elements or even the common basis. A familiar example is their treatment of classicism and romanticism as related to each other, and their somewhat futile symposia on comparative romanticism when they ignore other arts than literature. Gratifying, therefore, is the present effort to find the foundation whence spring all the different arts. The approach is scientific in its attempt to face facts indeed and to describe them without prejudice; to analyze as thoroughly as is possible in the present stage of such study; to present numerous examples to illustrate what is meant; and to synthesize sufficiently for the forest not to be lost for the trees.

These prolegomena are not for the ordinary reader. This is not an attempt at popular science or popular psychology. The time for that may

come later, when the arts have become more generally familiar. Books in color well illustrated, museums, radio, records, motion pictures, and other vehicles should have adequate opportunity to perform their functions. The arts may become less esoteric, and be considered as normal matters for common private and public consideration, as we sometimes think they once were in Florence and Athens. Toward that goal this book should become a competent, valuable, and even exhilarating contribution.

E. C. KNOWLTON.

### DYNAMIC DEMOCRACY

THE POLITICS OF DEMOCRACY: *American Parties in Action*. By Pendleton Herring. New York: W. W. Norton & Company, 1940. Pp. xx, 468. \$3.50.

Perhaps the party system is today undergoing its greatest strain. The party system as it has been known under the democratic process is threatened with extinction from without and within. Since the last World War we have seen the time-honored party system replaced by a streamlined mechanism in Italy, Germany, and Russia. More recently we have witnessed a growing literature purporting to show that the multiple party system rather than strengthening tends to weaken democratic processes. In the United States suggestions of a coalition between the Republican and Democratic parties for the 1940 election were made by leading figures in the world of journalism. Hence, Professor Herring's defense of the two-party system is timely.

*The Politics of Democracy* is an expression of faith in the democratic process and in the two-party system. But it is not a blind faith in an ideal, a concept, or an ideology. "The future of democracy is uncertain. Today, two basically divergent ideals of human progress—totalitarianism and individualism—stand mutually defiant." Professor Herring has a belief and a faith in a dynamic democracy—a society in which content and meaning are given to the democratic process. With his implicit belief in the competence of capitalistic democracy to accommodate itself to the competing and conflicting class interests, there are many who would interpose an objection. Furthermore, when he applauds our party system for cutting across class, group, and sectional differences, thus partially blurring the sharp cleavages that might otherwise come to the surface, he shows the force of nineteenth-century thinking upon his own mental processes.

This vertical structure he defends as a balance to those forces generated out of special economic and social groups. "Power," he writes, "must be finally identified with no one class or group; it must be handled

like a loving cup and passed about lest one of the company get drunk." But, how can we give reality to a dynamic democracy, in which he professes sincere belief, if we ask with the author, "What if our parties do at times resemble Tweedledum and Tweedledee? The pacific relations between these two would-be warriors offer an example that is not without point in an age where there is enough conflict." He demonstrates a far greater insight into contemporary life when he writes: "The people march but no confident answer can be offered to their query—Where to?" The parties and the party leaders have a great responsibility in answering, Where to? The way does not lie, in this reviewer's opinion, through the maintenance of two parties whose chief differences are found in the personalities of the presidential candidates.

This is one of the most interesting books in politics to appear in some time. Professor Herring has given a great deal of time and more thought to the preparation of this study. The finished product is worth all of it.

RAY F. HARVEY.

#### NINETEENTH-CENTURY ART

*THE WAY OF WESTERN ARTS, 1776-1914.* By Edgar Preston Richardson. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 1939. Pp. 194. \$4.00.

Mr. Richardson has filled a great need for a general work on art in the period of the Industrial Revolution.

The author rightly considers art just one phase of civilization and has therefore attempted to explain the nineteenth-century artistic production as a part of a changing world situation. Though he does not carry through his original thesis of the four roots of Western art—"the mysticism of the Orient . . . the free secular spirit of Hellenic learning . . . the political tradition of Rome . . . the Germanic ideal of freedom and the northern warriors' code of comradeship, courage, and devotion to a personal leader"—with a Frenchman's clarity, the reader does emerge from the book with a new vision of the nineteenth century.

The artistic productions of Germany, England, the Low Countries, and America take their rightful place beside that of France as worthy of comment.

Under the sympathetic treatment of a man who has really appreciated their good qualities, the works of many architects, sculptors, and painters of the nineteenth century, formerly sentenced by popular opinion to oblivion, seem worthy of reconsideration.

Mr. Richardson has done much to ventilate a period already become musty with too many preconceptions.

ELIZABETH R. SUNDERLAND.

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